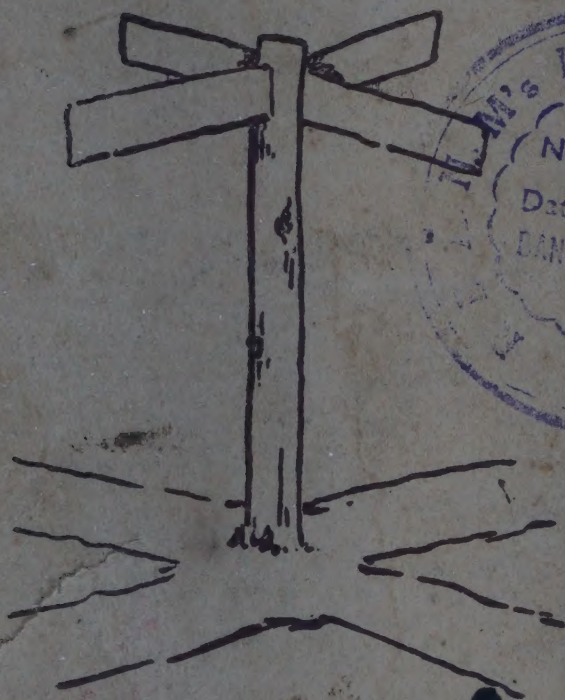


Pathways to Prose & Poetry

Book I



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V.R. Sankaran
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PATHWAYS TO

PROSE AND POETRY

V.R. Sankaran

BOOK ONE

BY

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PREFACE

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IN the teaching of English both the literary and the language aspects have to be kept in mind, which means that the best results cannot be secured by dealing with either in isolation. The Board of Education in its Report on the Teaching of English confirms this view when it says that the aim should be to secure 'an appreciation of literature and an increased command of the English language'. This fundamental principle has influenced both the selection and the treatment of the passages in this book.

If children are to discover the delight of books and their desire for more reading is to be awakened, the extracts chosen for presentation in school should be gripping, and should possess a varied and lively appeal. They should bring pupils into contact not only with what has long been regarded as 'standard', but with more recent work which appears to possess enduring qualities and, as the Madras S.S.L.C. Board has suggested, the language of the reading matter should not be remote from the language spoken and written by English people. These considerations, it is hoped, will be in general evidence in the style and the subject matter of the selections in this book. Further, all forms of prose have been included: diary-, letter-, and essay-writing, fiction, drama, the short story, biography, autobiography, character sketches—and verse of every description. There are specimens from well-known Indian writers and from English writers on Indian themes. Finally, to enable the teacher to cater for different stages, interests and capacities, more matter than can be covered ordinarily in a single school

year has been provided. In the words of a well-known anthologist we may say: 'We have spread a wide and patient net and report that we have brought the best of our haul'.

We believe, with the authors of *The Teaching of English in India*, that the text is the quarry from which the linguistic material must be extracted: hence the organized scheme of study of each passage through diverse and carefully planned exercises. While the notes have been deliberately reduced to a minimum, there is suggested a systematic, balanced and effective teaching-procedure which should drill Indian pupils in habits of clear narration and the grammatical ordering of words. Children must be made to observe how good writers arrange their thoughts, how they manage to express them clearly, naturally and persuasively; and they should be given opportunities for practising what they have learnt. This is what is attempted through the questions and assignments.

The exercises on the prose lessons are arranged as follows:—

A. General Study—including arrangement of thoughts, characterization, humour, etc.

B. Detailed Study—including explanation or discussion and language exercises.

C. Exercises in Grammar Word-building.

D. Composition—based on the matter covered, including paragraph writing, essays, letters, reports, and summaries.

E. Passages for close study and memorizing.

The exercises on the poetry section do not include questions on grammar and language, but, instead, emphasis is placed more on the enjoyment of the poems than on the mastery of the language-forms exemplified. While maintaining that the exercises put down for each lesson are suggestive

and not exhaustive, we may claim to have tried to bridge the gulf between the average teacher and his great opportunity, and this, we trust, without discouraging the ambitious or spoon-feeding the inexperienced.

Kolhapur
June 1938

G.S.K.
B.M.M.

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PROSE

1. LOUISA MANNERS

MY name is Louisa Manners; I was seven years of age last birthday, which was on the first of May. I remember only four birthdays. The day I was four years old is the first that I recollect. On the morning of that day, as soon as I awoke, I crept into mamma's bed, and said, 'Open your eyes, mamma, for it is my birthday. Open your eyes, and look at me!' Then mamma told me I should ride in a post-chaise and see my grandmamma and my sister Sarah. Grandmamma lived at a farmhouse in the country, and I had never in all my life been out of London; no, nor had I ever seen a bit of green grass, except in the Draper's garden, which is near my papa's house in Broad Street; nor had I ever ridden in a carriage before that happy birthday.

I ran about the house, talking of where I was going, and rejoicing so that it was my birthday that when I got into the chaise I was tired and fell asleep.

When I awoke, I saw the green fields on both sides of the chaise, and the fields were full, quite full, of bright shining yellow flowers, and sheep and young lambs were feeding in them. I jumped, and clapped my hands together for joy, and cried out: This is

Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs, for I knew many of Watts' hymns by heart.

The trees and hedges seemed to fly swiftly by us, and one field, and the sheep, and the young lambs, passed away; and then another field came, and that was full of cows; and then another field, and all the pretty sheep returned, and there was no end of these charming sights till we came quite

to grandmamma's house, which stood all alone by itself, no house to be seen at all near it.

There was no end to the curiosities that my sister Sarah had to show me. There was the pond where the ducks were swimming, and the little wooden houses where the hens slept at night. The hens were feeding all over the yard, and the prettiest little chickens, they were feeding too, and little yellow ducklings that had a hen for their mamma. She was so frightened if they went near the water. Grandmamma says a hen is not esteemed a very wise bird.

We went out of the farm-yard into the orchard. O what a sweet place grandmamma's orchard is ! There were pear-trees, and apple-trees, and cherry-trees, all in blossom. These blossoms were the prettiest flowers that ever were seen, and among the grass under the trees, there grew buttercups, and cowslips, and daffodils, and blue-bells. Sarah told me all their names, and she said I might pick as many of them as ever I pleased.

I filled my lap with flowers, I filled my bosom with flowers, and I carried as many flowers as I could in both my hands ; but as I was going into the parlour to show them to my mamma I stumbled over a threshold which was placed across the parlour, and down I fell with all my treasure.

Nothing could have so well pacified me for the misfortune of my fallen flowers, as the sight of a delicious syllabub which happened at that moment to be brought in. Grandmamma said it was a present from the red cow to me because it was my birthday : and then because it was the first of May, she ordered the syllabub to be placed under the May-bush that grew before the parlour door, and when we were seated on the grass round it she helped me the very first to a large glass full of the syllabub, and wished me many happy returns of that day, and then she said I was myself the sweetest little May-blossom in the orchard.

There were rows of cabbages and radishes, and peas and beans. I was delighted to see them, for I never saw so much as a cabbage growing out of the ground before.

Mamma said, 'Have you nothing to say to these pretty bees, Louisa?' Then I said to them:

And gather honey all the day from every opening flower.

I was going to catch one bee, until Sarah told me about their stings, which made me afraid for a long time to go too near their hives ; but I went a little nearer, and a little nearer, every day, and, before I came away from grand-mamma's, I grew so bold, I let Will Tasker hold me over the glass windows at the top of the hives, to see them make honey in their own homes.

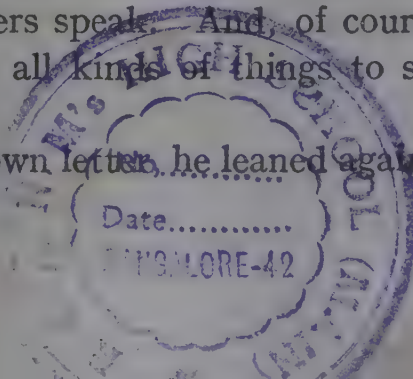
After looking at the garden, I saw the cows milked, and that was the last sight I saw that day ; for while I was telling mamma about the cows, I fell fast asleep, and I suppose I was then put to bed. —→

MARY LAMB

2. THE LISTENER

ONCE upon a time there was a man with such delicate ears that he could hear even letters speak. And, of course, letters lying in pillar-boxes have all kinds of things to say to each other.

One evening, while posting his own letter, he leaned against the pillar-box and listened.



'Here's another!' said a voice, as it tumbled in. 'Who are you, pray?'

'I am an acceptance with thanks,' said the new letter.

'What do you accept?' another voice asked.

'An invitation to dinner,' said the new letter, with a touch of pride.

'Pooh!' said the other. 'Only that.'

'It's at a house in Kensington,' said the new letter.

'Well, I'm an acceptance of an invitation to a dance at a duchess's,' was the reply, and the new letter said no more. Then all the others began.

'I bring news of a legacy,' said one.

'I try to borrow money,' said another, rather hopelessly.

'I demand the payment of a debt,' said a sharp metallic voice.

'I decline an offer of marriage,' said a fourth, with a wistful note.

'I've got a cheque inside,' said a fifth, with a swagger.

'I convey the sack,' said a sixth in triumph.

'I ask to be taken on again, at a lower salary,' said another, with tears.

'What do you think I am?' one inquired. 'You shall have six guesses.'

'Give us a clue,' said a voice.

'Very well. I'm in a foolscap envelope.'

Then the guessing began.

One said a writ.

Another said an income-tax demand.

But no one could guess it.

'I'm a poem for a magazine,' said the foolscap letter at last.

'Are you good?' asked a voice.

'Not good enough, I'm afraid,' said the poem. 'In fact I've been out and back again seven times already.'

'A spring poem, I suppose?'

'I suppose so. I rhyme "bosom" and "blossom".'

'Guess what I am,' said a sentimental murmur.

'Anyone could guess that,' was the gruff reply. 'You're a love-letter.'

'Quite right,' said the sentimental murmur. 'But how clever of you!'

'Well,' said another, 'you're not the only love-letter here. I'm a love-letter too.'

'How do you begin?' asked the first.

'I begin "My Darling",' said the second love-letter.

'That's nothing,' said the first; 'I begin "My Ownest Own".'

'I don't think much of either of those beginnings,' said a new voice. 'I begin "Most Beautiful".'

'You're from a man, I suppose?' said the second love-letter.

'Yes, I am,' said the new one. 'Aren't you?'

'No, I'm from a woman,' said the second. 'I'll admit your beginning's rather good. But, how do you end?'

'I end with "A million kisses",' said the new one.

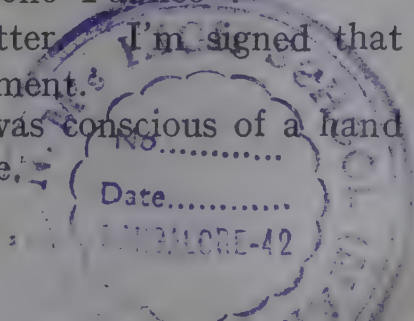
'Ah, I've got you there!' said the second. 'I end with "For ever and ever yours".'

'That's not bad,' said the first, 'but my ending is pretty good in its way. I end like this: "Tomorrow will be Heaven once more, for then we meet again".'

'Oh, do stop all this love talk,' said the gruff voice again, 'and be sensible, like me. I'm a letter to an editor putting everything right and showing up all the iniquities and ineptitudes of the Government. I shall make a stir, I can tell you. I'm It, I am. I'm signed "Pro Bono Publico".'

'That's funny!' said another letter. 'I'm signed that too, but I stick up for the Government.'

But at this moment the listener was conscious of a hand on his arm and a lantern in his face.



'Here,' said the authoritative tones of a policeman, 'I think you've been leaning against this pillar-box long enough. If you can't walk I'll help you home.'

—E. V. LUCAS

3. *HOW HEREWARD WON TORFRIDA*

[Hereward, the turbulent son of the Danish Earl of Mercia, was outlawed for having robbed and tried to kill a monk. After many adventures Hereward reached the shores of Flanders. He took service under the Marquis there. Later he fell in love with Torfrida, a rich lady who lived with her mother under the guardianship of Baldwin, the Marquis. Torfrida was equally attracted by the personal charm and brave exploits of Hereward. They both agreed to get married and Torfrida showed him her treasures and gave him the magic armour of her ancestors. 'All spears will turn from it, and all swords will be broken on it.' But before the marriage could take place Hereward undertakes some more exploits . . .]

I. THE BANQUET

THE Great Marquis had sent for his son, Robert, to Bruges, his capital city, before he set out for another campaign in Holland; and then he made a great feast, to which he invited Torfrida and her mother. For his wife, Adela of France, the Queen-Countess, had heard so much of Torfrida's beauty that she sent for her to be one of her ladies in her court; and Torfrida's mother, who was an old friend of Adela's, of course was highly honoured by such promotion for her daughter.

So they went to Bruges, and Hereward and his men went with them; and they feasted and drank and sang. After awhile Hereward, who had drunk much wine, began to brag and boast as he sat by Torfrida's side. For some knight began to tell of a wonderful mare, called Swallow from her swiftness, that was to be found in one of the islands of the river Scheldt in Holland, and was famous for her speed in all the country round; and said, moreover, that Hereward might as well have brought that mare home with him from the war as a trophy.

To which Hereward answered, in his boasting style that he would bring home that mare, or anything else that he had a mind to.

'You will find it not so easy,' said the knight. 'Her owner, they say, is a very strong man, a horse-breeder, called Dirk Hammerhand. They say his arm has seven men's strength; and whosoever visits him, he challenges to give and take a blow: but no man that has taken a blow from him lived afterwards.'

'Hereward will need his magic helmet, if he tries that adventure,' said another, laughing.

'Magic helmet?' cried Hereward, furiously. 'What do I care for armour or for magic? I tell you I will go in my shirt to the war, and bring back that mare single-handed.'

Then there followed high words and quarrelling, till Torfrida blushed for shame. And after the banquet was over, she spoke angrily to Hereward when they were alone.

'So! You have made me a laughing-stock to these knights. You have scorned my gifts. You have said you do not need magic armour. Give it back to me then, and go and sleep off the effect of the wine you have drunk.'

'That I will,' laughed Hereward, boisterously. Torfrida turned away disgusted.

'You are drunk,' she said, 'and do not know what you say.'

'Drunk or sober,' he cried, 'I will take you at your word. You shall have your armour back, and I will ride tomorrow to the war in my shirt, and in my shirt I will win that mare or die.'

'That will be very fit for you,' she said, scornfully. And they parted in anger.

That night Martin Lightfoot brought back the magic armour to Torfrida from Hereward. When she saw it,

all her anger melted away. She cried: she blamed herself. All night she could not sleep, thinking he would be killed, and his blood would be on her head.

Early in the morning a trumpet sounded in the street. She sprang up and dressed herself quickly, and peeped through the window. There rode down the street Robert le Frison in full armour, and behind him, knight after knight, a wall of shining steel. But by his side rode Hereward, bare-headed, his long yellow curls floating over his shoulders. His boots had golden spurs, a gilt belt held up his sword; but his only dress was a silk shirt and silk hose. He laughed and sang, and made his horse rear, and tossed his lance in the air, and caught it by the point, as he passed under the window.

She threw open the window, careless of all appearances. She would have called to him: but the words choked her; and what should she say?

He looked up boldly, and smiled.

'Farewell, fair lady mine. Drunk I was last night, but not so drunk as to forget a promise.'

And he rode on, while Torfrida rushed away and broke into wild weeping.

[Hereward cunningly manages to capture the mare Swallow with the help of his faithful servant Martin Lightfoot.]

II. THE COURT OF LOVE

The spring and summer had passed, and the autumn was almost over, when Robert le Frison and his army came back to Bruges, having subdued the Hollanders, at any rate for the present. And Torfrida went out with the great Marquis and the Queen-Countess, and their lords and ladies, to meet the victors, and she looked eagerly for Hereward. But Hereward was not with them.

There was a great feast that day, of course; and Torfrida was there: but she could not eat. Nevertheless she was too proud to let the knights know what was in her heart;

o she chatted and laughed as gaily as the rest, watching always for a word about Hereward. But none mentioned his name.

The feast was long; the ladies did not leave the table till nearly bed-time; and then the men drank on.

The ladies went up to the Queen-Countess's bed-room, where the solemn undressing of that royal lady usually took place.

It was Torfrida's turn to take off the royal shoes; and she was advancing to do her duty, when the Queen-Countess said, sternly:

'Stop there!'

Torfrida stopped, very much frightened.

'Ladies,' said the Queen-Countess, 'there are in the South of France what are called Courts of Love, at which all who offend against the laws of love are tried by their equals, and punished as they deserve.'

Torfrida turned red.

'It is time,' said the royal lady, 'that we should hold a Court of Love to try this girl. I hear, fair maid, that you were old enough to be married four years ago.'

Torfrida stood like a stone, being frightened out of her wits.

'Why are you not married?' said her royal mistress, sternly.

There was, of course, no answer.

'I hear,' she went on, 'that him to whom you gave your love, you drove out into the cold, telling him to go and fight in his shirt, if he wished to win your love.'

'I did not,' Torfrida at last answered; 'he angered me—he' and Torfrida found herself in the act of accusing Hereward.

She stopped instantly.

'She has confessed,' said the Queen-Countess. 'What punishment, ladies, does she deserve? What punishment

would the ladies of the South inflict, if we sent her to be judged by their Courts of Love?'

One lady said one thing, one another. Some spoke cruelly, for they were glad to see a girl so much more beautiful than they in trouble.

At last the Queen-Countess stopped the discussion.

'This is my decision,' she said. 'We will marry her to the first man who enters the castle tonight, whoever he may be.'

Torfrida looked at her mistress to see if she were mad. But the Queen-Countess was grave and sane. Then Torfrida's anger broke out.

'You *dare* do this?' she said, slowly, with eyes so fierce that even the Queen-Countess Adela was for a moment afraid.

III. A BEGGAR-MAN ARRIVES

There was a noise of shouting and laughing in the court below, which made all turn and listen.

The next moment a serving-man came in, puzzled, and inclined to laugh.

'May it please your Highness, here is the strangest adventure. There is ridden into the castle-yard a beggar-man with scarce a shirt to his back, on a great ugly mare with a foal running by her; and a fool behind him carrying lance and shield. And he says that he is come to fight any knight of the Court, ragged as he stands, for the fairest lady in the Court, be she who she may, if she have not a wedded husband already.'

'And what says my Lord Marquis?'

'That it is a fair challenge and a good adventure; and that fight he shall, if any man will answer his challenge.'

'And I say, tell my Lord Marquis that fight he shall not; for he shall have the fairest maiden in this Court for the trouble of carrying her away; and that I, Adela of France,

will give her to him. So let that beggar dismount, and be brought up hither to me.'

There was silence again. Torfrida looked round her once more to see whether or not she was dreaming, and whether there was one human being to whom she could appeal. Her mother sat praying and weeping in a corner. Torfrida looked at her with one glance of scorn, and then turned to face her fate with the fierce courage of her ancestors.

Married to a beggar? It was a strange accident; and an ugly one; and great cruelty and wrong. But it was not impossible, hardly improbable, in days when the caprice of the strong created accidents, and when cruelty and wrong went for nothing, even with very kindly honest folk. So Torfrida faced the danger, as she would have faced that of a kicking horse or a flooded ford; she pulled out a little sharp-knife, and considered that the beggar-man could wear no armour, and that she wore none either. For if she succeeded in slaying that beggar-man, she might need to slay herself after, to avoid being—according to the fashion of those days—burnt alive.

So when the curtain was drawn back, and that beggar-man came into the room, instead of shrieking, fainting, hiding, or turning, she made three steps straight toward him, looking him in the face like a wild cat at bay. Then she threw up her arms; and fell upon his neck.

It was Hereward himself. Filthy, ragged: but Hereward.

His shirt was brown with blood and torn with wounds; and through its rents showed more than one hardly healed scar. His hair and beard were all matted with blood and dirt; and one heavy cut across the head had cut not only hair, but skull, very close.

But Hereward it was; and regardless of all beholders, she lay upon his neck, and never stirred nor spoke.

‘I call you to witness, ladies,’ cried the Queen-Countess, ‘that I am guiltless. She has given herself to this beggar-man of her own free will. What say you?’ And she turned to Torfrida’s mother.

Torfrida’s mother only prayed and wept.

‘Countesses and Ladies,’ said the Queen-Countess. ‘There will be two weddings tomorrow. The first will be that of my son Robert and my pretty Lady Gertrude here. The second will be that of my pretty Torfrida and Hereward.’

‘And the second bride,’ said the Countess Gertrude, rising and taking Torfrida in her arms, ‘will be ten times prettier than the first. There, sir,’ turning to Hereward, ‘I have done all you asked of me. Now go and wash yourself.’

—CHARLES KINGSLEY

4. *A LONDON CAB-HORSE*

[This is the story of a horse as told by the horse itself. Black Beauty’s early home was a green meadow near a plantation of fir trees in the country. There he stayed with his mother. His master was a kind man and loved the little horse very much. His new master is a London cabman and in this passage we have Black Beauty’s first experiences in London.]

MY new master’s name was Jeremiah Barker, but as every one called him Jerry, I shall do the same. Polly, his wife, was just as good a match as a man could have. She was a plump, trim, tidy little woman, with smooth dark hair, dark eyes, and a merry little mouth. The boy was nearly twelve years old; a tall, frank, good-tempered lad; and little Dorothy (Dolly they called her) was her mother over again, at eight years old. They were all wonderfully fond of each other; I never knew such a happy, merry family before, or since. Jerry had a cab of his own, and two horses, which he drove and attended to himself. His other horse was a tall, white rather large-boned animal, called Captain; he was old now, but when

he was young he must have been splendid; he had still a proud way of holding his head and arching his neck; in fact, he was a high-bred, fine-mannered, noble old horse, every inch of him. He told me that in his early youth he went to the Crimean War; he belonged to an officer in the cavalry, and used to lead the regiment.

The next morning, when I was well groomed, Polly and Dolly came into the yard to see me, and make friends. Harry had been helping his father since the early morning, and had stated his opinion that I should turn out 'a regular brick'. Polly brought me a slice of apple, and Dolly a piece of bread, and made as much of me as if I had been the 'Black Beauty' of olden time. It was a great treat to be petted again, and talked to in a gentle voice, and I let them see as well as I could that I wished to be friendly. Polly thought I was very handsome, and a great deal too good for a cab.

'A firmer, neater stepper I never rode,' said Jerry, 'we'll call him "Jack"—after the old one—shall we, Polly?'

'Do,' she said, 'for I like to keep a good name going.'

Captain went out in the cab all the morning. Harry came in after school to feed me and give me water. In the afternoon I was put into the cab. Jerry took much pains to see if the collar and bridle fitted comfortably. When the crupper was let out a hole or two, it all fitted well. There was no bearing rein—no curb—nothing but a plain ring snaffle. What a blessing that was!

The first week of my life as a cab-horse was very trying; I had never been used to London, and the noise, the hurry, the crowds of horses, carts, and carriages, that I had to make my way through, made me feel anxious and harassed; but I soon found that I could perfectly trust my driver, and then I made myself easy, and got used to it.

Jerry was as good a driver as I had ever known; and what was better, he took as much thought for his horses as he did for himself. He soon found out that I was willing

to work, and do my best ; and he never laid the whip on me, unless it was gently drawing the end of it over my back, when I was to go on ; but generally I knew this quite well by the way in which he took up the reins ; and I believe his whip was more frequently stuck up by his side than in his hand.

In a short time I and my master understood each other, as well as horse and man can do. In the stable, too, he did all that he could for our comfort. The stalls were the old-fashioned style, too much on the slope ; but he had two movable bars fixed across the back of our stalls, so that at night, and when we were resting, he just took off our halters, and put up the bars, and thus we could turn about and stand whichever way we pleased, which is a great comfort.

Jerry kept us very clean, and gave us as much change of food as he could, and always plenty of it ; and not only that, but he always gave us plenty of clean fresh water, which he allowed to stand by us both night and day, except of course when we came in warm. Some people say that a horse ought not to drink all he likes ; but I know if we are allowed to drink when we want to, we drink only a little at a time, and it does us a great deal more good than swallowing down half a bucket full at a time, because we have been left without till we are thirsty and miserable. Some grooms will go home to their beer and leave us for hours with our dry hay and oats and nothing to moisten them ; then of course we gulp down too much at once, which helps to spoil our breathing and sometimes chills our stomachs. But the best thing that we had here was our Sundays for rest ; we worked so hard in the week, that I do not think we could have kept up to it, but for that day ; besides, we had then time to enjoy each other's company.

—ANNA SEWELL

5. *GANDHIJI IN ENGLAND*

DR MEHTA, to whom I had wired from Southampton, called at about eight o'clock the same evening. He gave me a hearty greeting. He smiled at my being in flannels. As we were talking, I casually picked up his top-hat, and trying to see how smooth it was, passed my hand over it the wrong way and disturbed the fur. Dr Mehta looked somewhat angrily at what I was doing and stopped me. But the mischief was done. The incident was a warning for the future. This was my first lesson in European etiquette, into the details of which Dr Mehta gently initiated me. 'Do not touch other people's things,' he said. 'Do not ask questions as we usually do in India on first acquaintance; do not talk loudly; never address people as "sir" whilst speaking to them as we do in India; only servants and subordinates address their masters that way.' And so on and so forth. He also told me that it was very expensive to live in a hotel and recommended that I should live with a private family. We deferred consideration of the matter until Monday.

Sjt Mazmudar and I found the hotel to be a trying affair. It was also very expensive. There was, however, a Sindhi fellow-passenger from Malta who had become friends with Sjt Mazmudar, and as he was not a stranger to London, he offered to find rooms for us. We agreed, and on Monday, as soon as we got our baggage, we paid up our bills and went to the rooms rented for us by the Sindhi friend.

Dr Mehta went on Monday to the Victoria Hotel expecting to find me there. He discovered that we had left, got our new address, and met me at our rooms. He inspected my room and its appointments and shook his head in disapproval. 'This place won't do,' he said. 'We come to England not so much for the purpose of bookish studies as for gaining experience of English life and customs. And

for this you need to live with a family. But, before you do so, I think you had better serve a period of apprenticeship with ———. I will take you there.'

I gratefully accepted the suggestion and removed to the friend's rooms. He was all kindness and attention. He treated me as his own brother, initiated me into English ways and manners, and accustomed me to talking the language. My food, however, became a serious question. I could not relish boiled vegetables cooked without salt or condiments. The landlady was at a loss to know what to prepare for me. We had oatmeal porridge for breakfast which was fairly filling, but I always starved at lunch and dinner. The friend continually reasoned with me to eat meat, but I always pleaded my vow and then remained silent.

Day in and day out the friend would argue, but I had an eternal negative to face him with. The more he argued, the more uncompromising I became. Daily I would pray for God's protection and get it. Not that I had any idea of God. It was faith that was at work.

Meanwhile my friend had devised another way of winning me. His love for me led him to think that, if I persisted in my objections to meat-eating, I should not only develop a weak constitution, but should return to India an ignorant man because I should never in my aloofness reap the benefit of my stay in England.

But I decided that I should put him at ease, that I should assure him that I would be clumsy no more, but try to become polished and make up for my vegetarianism by cultivating other accomplishments which fitted one for polite society. And for this purpose I undertook the all too impossible task of becoming an English Gentleman.

The clothes after the Bombay cut that I was wearing were, I thought, unsuitable for English society, and I got new ones at a fashionable tailor's. I also went in for a silk hat. Not content with this, I wasted ten pounds on an even-

ing suit made in Bond Street ; and got my good and noble-hearted brother to send me a double watch-chain of gold. It was not considered quite correct to wear a ready-made tie and I learnt the art of tying one for myself. In India the mirror had been a luxury permitted on the days when the family barber gave me a shave. Here I wasted ten minutes every day before a large mirror watching myself arranging my tie and parting my hair in the correct fashion. My hair was by no means soft and every day it meant a regular struggle with the brush to keep it in position. Each time the hat was put on and off, the hand would automatically move towards the head to adjust the hair, not to mention the other civilized habit of the hand every now and then operating for the same purpose when sitting in polished society.

As if all this were not enough to make me look the thing, I directed my attention to other details that were supposed to go towards the making of an English Gentleman. I had gathered that it would be the proper thing to take lessons in dancing, French and elocution. French was not only the language of neighbouring France, but it was the *lingua franca* of the Continent over which I had a desire to travel. I decided to take dancing lessons at a class and paid down three pounds as fees for a term. I must have taken about six lessons in three weeks. But it was beyond me to achieve anything like rhythmic motion. I could not follow the piano and hence found it impossible to keep time. What then was I to do ? The recluse in the fable kept a cat to keep off the rats, and then a cow to feed the cat with milk, and a man to keep the cow and so on. My ambitions also grew like the family of the recluse. I thought I should learn to play the violin in order to cultivate an ear for Western music. So I invested three pounds in a violin and something more in fees. I sought a third teacher to give me lessons in elocution and paid him a preliminary fee of a guinea.

He recommended Bell's *Standard Elocutionist* as the textbook, which I purchased. And I began with a speech of Pitt's.

But Mr Bell rang the bell of alarm in my ear and I awoke.

I had not to spend a lifetime in England, I said to myself. What then was the use of learning elocution? And how could dancing make a gentleman of me? The violin I could learn even in India. I was a student and ought to go on with my studies. I should qualify myself for the Bar. If my character made a gentleman of me, so much the better. Otherwise I should forgo the ambition.

These and similar thoughts possessed me, and I expressed them in a letter which I addressed to the elocution teacher, requesting him to excuse me from further lessons. I had taken only two or three. I wrote a similar letter to the dancing teacher, and went personally to the violin teacher with a request to dispose of the violin for any price it might fetch. She was friendly to me, so I told her how I had discovered that I was pursuing a false ideal. She encouraged me in the determination to make a complete change.

This infatuation must have lasted about three months. The punctiliousness in dress persisted for years. But henceforward I became a student.

Let no one imagine that my experiments in dancing and the like marked a stage of indulgence in my life. The reader will have noticed that there was a purpose behind the chase. The transition was therefore easy.

As I kept strict watch over my way of living, I could see that it was necessary to economize. I therefore decided to reduce my expenses by half. My accounts showed numerous items spent on fares. Again my living with a family meant the payment of a regular weekly bill.

So I decided to take rooms on my own account, instead of living any longer in a family and also to remove from place to place according to the work I had to do, thus

gaining experience at the same time. The rooms were so selected as to enable me to reach the place of business on foot in half an hour, and so save fares. Before this I had always taken some kind of conveyance whenever I went anywhere and had to find extra time for walks. The new arrangement combined walks and economy, as it meant a saving of fares and gave me walks of eight or ten miles a day. It was mainly this habit of long walks that kept me practically free from illness throughout my stay in England and gave me a fairly strong body.

Thus I rented a suite of rooms; one for a sitting-room and another for a bedroom. This was the second stage. The third was yet to come.

I felt that my way of living did not yet become the modest means of my family. The thought of my struggling brother, who nobly responded to my regular calls for monetary help, deeply moved me. I saw that most of those who were spending from eight to fifteen pounds monthly had the advantage of scholarships. I had before me examples of much simpler living. I came across a fair number of poor students living more humbly than I. One of them was staying in slums in a room at two shillings a week and living on twopence worth of cocoa and bread for a meal from cheap Cocoa Rooms. It was far from me to think of emulating him, but I felt I could surely have one room instead of two and cook some of my meals at home. That would be a saving of four or five pounds each month. I also came across books on simple living. I gave up the suite of rooms and rented one instead, invested in a stove, and began cooking my breakfast at home. The process scarcely took me more than twenty minutes for there was only oatmeal porridge to cook and water to boil for cocoa. I had lunch out and for dinner had bread and cocoa at home. Thus I managed to live on a shilling and threepence a day. This was also a period of

intensive study. Plain living saved me plenty of time and I passed my examination.

Let not the reader think that this living made my life by any means a dreary affair. On the contrary the change harmonized my inward and outward life. My life was now more truthful and my soul was full of joy.

—M. K. GANDHI

6. *A COLT FOR A GROSS OF SPECTACLES*

THE scheme was nothing less than that as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry a single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. 'No, my dear,' said she, 'our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage: you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.'

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission: and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth

they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, 'Good luck! Good luck!' till we could see him no longer.

* * * * *

[The Vicar wondered what could keep his son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall.]

'Never mind our son,' cried my wife; 'depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see ~~him~~ him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. —But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back.'

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar.

'Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?'

'I have brought you myself,' cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

'Ay, Moses,' cried my wife, 'that we know; but where is the horse?'

'I have sold him,' cried Moses, 'for three pounds five shillings and twopence.'

'Well done, my good boy,' returned she; 'I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then.'

'I have brought back no money,' cried Moses again. 'I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,' pulling out a bundle from his breast: 'here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.'

'A gross of green spectacles!' repeated my wife, in a faint voice. 'And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles!'

'Dear mother,' cried the boy, 'why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.'

'A fig for the silver rims,' cried my wife, in a passion; 'I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.'

'You need be under no uneasiness,' cried I, 'about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over.'

'What!' cried my wife, 'not silver! the rims not silver?'

'No,' cried I, 'no more silver than your saucepan.'

'And so,' returned she, 'we have parted with the colt and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better.'

'There, my dear,' cried I, 'you are wrong: he should not have known them at all.'

'Marry, hang the idiot!' returned she, 'to bring me such stuff: if I had them I would throw them in the fire.'

'There again you are wrong, my dear,' cried I; 'for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.'

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him how it had all happened. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell.

'Here,' continued Moses, 'we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.'

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH

7. BOYHOOD OF THOMAS BEWICK

SOMETIMES the lads in the same class I belonged to, when we had been doing anything amiss, were sent to cut birch rods to whip us with. At other times we were locked into the belfry, where we often amused ourselves by drawing each other up by the bell ropes to the first floor; but one of our comrades having (by the rope slipping through the hands of those who held it) been precipitated to the ground, by which he was a good deal hurt, that mode of punishment was altogether dropped. The parson, poor man, had a troublesome time of it with one or other of us; and I remember once in particular, of putting him into very great pain and distress of mind. After a great flood, a large piece of ice, about the size of the floor of a room, had been left in a place called 'Ned's Hole', by the side of the river. This I got upon, and persuaded several others to do the same, and we then set to work with a 'boat stower' to push it offshore; and in this manner we got some distance up the river, opposite to the parsonage garden, where our master happened to be and saw us. I could see by his agitated motions and his uplifted hands that he was put into a state much easier to be felt than described. After having been guilty of misdemeanours of this kind, I did not go back to school

for the remainder of the day, but waded, or otherwise crossed the river, and sat down or amused myself among the bushes on the water banks until the rest of the scholars left school, when I joined them, and went home. But as it would not have been safe for me to go to bed (if conscious of guilt, or if otherwise betrayed), for fear of a visit from my father, I always took up my abode for the night in the loft, among the hay or straw, knowing well that when his passion subsided I should escape a beating from his hands.

The first cause of my preceptor beginning a severe system of flogging (beside the quantum I received for mischievous acts) was for not getting off my Latin tasks. When this was not done to his mind he, by way of punishment, gave me another still worse to do, and still longer, till at length I gave up even attempting to get through them at all, and began to stand a flogging without being much put about by it. I think (at this day) my very worthy preceptor, in following this rather indiscriminate system of severe punishments, was wrong. He often beat his own son, a youth of an uncommonly mild, kind, and cheerful disposition, whom I felt more distressed at seeing punished than if it had been myself; for I mostly considered that I richly deserved the stripes inflicted upon me, and that he did not.

There was a misdemeanour for which, above all the rest, I was more severely punished, both at school and at home, than for any other fault; and that was for fighting with other boys. To put a stop to this practice was the particular request of my mother. To her it was hateful in the extreme. Her reasons I do not forget. She quoted the Scripture in support of them. Therein, she said, we were directed, 'if we were struck on one cheek to turn the the other also' (I forget the exact words); it is a portion of Scripture I did not obey. She also maintained that the business of fighting was degrading to human nature, and put a man that practised it on a level with dogs. I am conscious

that I never sought a quarrel with any one; but I found an insult very hard to bear, and generally in the most secret manner contrived 'to fight it out'.

When the floggings inflicted upon me had in a great measure begun to lose their effect, another mode of punishment was attempted; and that was, after the school hours were over, to lock me into the church, where I was kept till the dusk of the evening. This solitary confinement was very unpleasant to me, as I had not at that time got over a belief in ghosts and boggles, for the sight of which I was constantly upon the lookout. Oppressed with fear, I peeped here and there into every corner, in dread of seeing some terrible spirit. In time, however, this abated, and I amused myself as well as I could in surveying the surrounding objects and in climbing up the pillars, with the help of a rope or a handkerchief, as I used to do in getting up large trees. It happened one evening when my master, as usual, came to let me out, that I was sitting astride upon the capital of one of the pillars, where he did not see me. He called on me, but I made no answer, and he then posted off to see if the door was fast, and having ascertained that it was, he marched along the aisles in great anxiety of mind, frequently exclaiming, 'God bless me!' When he was gone, I slipped down and found the choir door only bolted on the inside, so I waded the river and posted home, and slept in my old asylum—the hay loft. I have frequently bitterly repented of having given a man I afterwards so highly respected through life so much pain and trouble.

I have noticed before that the first time I felt compassion for a dumb animal was upon my having caught a hare in my arms. The next occurrence of the kind happened with a bird. I had no doubt knocked many down with stones before, but they had escaped being taken. This time, however, the little victim dropped from the tree, and I picked it up. It was alive, and looked me piteously in the face;

and, as I thought, could it have spoken, it would have asked me why I had taken away its life. I felt greatly hurt at what I had done, and did not quit it all the afternoon. I turned it over and over, admiring its plumage, its bill, and every part of it. It was a bullfinch. I did not then know its name, but I was told it was a 'little Matthew Martin'. This was the last bird I killed; but many, indeed, have been killed since on my account.

I had been at man-fights, dog-fights, and cock-fights, without feeling much pity. Indeed, with the last of these exhibitions I was more entertained at seeing the wry faces, contortions, and agitations of the clowns who surrounded the cock-pit, or circle, than I was with the cocks fighting. It was long before I felt disgusted at seeing men fight. This, however, happened at last. A travelling merchant, or respectable pedlar—a slim-made, genteel-looking man—had perhaps forgotten himself over a glass, and not minded what company he was in. He could not, however, be long in such society without being insulted; but, be that as it might, a fight ensued, in which the stranger was over-matched. I saw only the concluding part, and was extremely shocked; for the stranger was sitting propped up with his arms behind him, quite spent and speechless, and looked like a corpse. After sitting a short time in this helpless state, his opponent walked coolly up to him, and with a blow on the face or head, laid him flat on the ground. I thought he was killed, at which I became so frantic with rage and indignation, that I believe at the moment, if I had had a pistol at hand, I would have shot the sturdy barbarian.

—THOMAS BEWICK

8. GERARD'S ESCAPE FROM PRISON

[Ghysbrecht, the burgomaster of Tergou, taking advantage of their ignorance, had deprived Margaret and her father of their rightful property. He did not want Gerard, who could read and write to be friendly with them. When he found that Gerard's intimacy with Margaret increased and Gerard showed no inclination of keeping away from them, the burgomaster managed to put Gerard in prison. In the extract which follows we have a description of Gerard's escape from this prison.]

IT was nine o'clock at night and the clear moonlight shone into the little room where Giles the dwarf was sleeping. Suddenly he woke up with a start and saw a white figure standing at the foot of the bed.

With an unearthly noise, between a yell and a snarl, he rolled off his bed and under it, and from that secure retreat he heard a soft voice say, 'Why, Giles, are you afraid of me?'

At this Giles had peeped cautiously up, and he saw it was only his sister Kate. She put her finger to her lips to bid him be silent lest Cornelis or Sybrandt should hear them. And then she told him quietly how she had heard them plotting together, and had discovered that even now Gerard was confined in the haunted tower. There must be some treachery, she was sure, for their father was away, and he would never have ordered this cruel act. She proposed, therefore, that she and Giles should go to the foot of the tower and call to Gerard to comfort him.

'Dear Giles, I would go alone, but I am afraid of the spirits that men say haunt the tower; but with you I shall not be afraid.'

'Nor I with you,' said Giles. 'I don't believe there are any spirits in Tergou. I never saw one. This last was the likeliest one I ever saw; and it was but you, Kate, after all!'

In less than half an hour they started out. Kate made Giles carry a lantern, for she said it gave her courage against the evil spirits.

Meanwhile Gerard's heart was very low within him as he sat all alone in the tower. The sun had gone down and he was hungry, for he dared not eat the food that Ghysbrecht had brought. He feared poison. Suddenly something struck the wall opposite the window very sharply, and then rattled on the floor at his feet. It was an arrow; he saw the white feather of it. A chill ran through him; they meant then to kill him from outside! He crouched down in a corner, but no more missiles came. He crawled along the floor and took up the arrow; there was no head to it. He uttered a cry of hope; had a friendly hand shot it? Feeling it all over, he found a soft substance attached to it. Tied to the arrow was a skein of silk, and on the arrow itself were words written.

He read them eagerly in the light of the moon.

'Well-beloved, make fast the silk to thy knife and lower to us; but hold thine end fast; then count a hundred and draw up.'

Gerard seized the oak chest and dragged it to the window. Standing on it and looking down, he saw figures far below. He waved his hand to them. Then he undid the silk and made one end fast to his knife and lowered it till it ceased to draw. Then he counted a hundred and pulled the silk carefully up. It came up a little heavier, and after a while he felt a large knot, and by that knot a stout cord was fastened to the silk. He could not understand what was meant, but still drew up until there was another knot and the coil gave place to rope, and then the weight grew heavier still. Now he saw what was intended and hauled up feverishly. The weight became heavier and heavier, and looking down he saw a sight that revived his failing powers; it was, as it were, a great snake coming up to him out of the deep shadow cast by the tower. He gave a shout of joy, and pulled up wildly, and soon a thick new rope was in his hands. He dragged the end into his prison, and

passed it through both handles of the chest and knotted it firmly.

The first thing to do was to make sure that the chest was firm and would resist his weight when he was poised in mid-air. So he jumped with all his force upon it. At the third jump the whole side of the chest burst open, and out fell a quantity of parchments. After the first start this gave him, Gerard comprehended that the chest had not broken, but, in jumping, he had touched some secret spring. The chest would hold his weight after all, but he also wedged the iron bar, with the rope fastened to it, in the opening of the window. He now mounted the chest, and so put his foot through the window and sat half in and half out, with one hand on that part of the rope which was inside. In the silent night he heard his own heart beat.

The free air breathed on his face and gave him the courage to risk what we must all lose one day—for liberty. Many dangers awaited him, but the greatest was the first—getting on to the rope outside.

Gerard reflected. Finally he put himself in the attitude of a swimmer, his body to the waist being in the prison, his legs outside. Then holding the inside rope with both hands, he felt anxiously with his feet for the outside rope, and when he had got it, he worked it in between his feet, and kept it there tight, then he uttered a short prayer, and, all the calmer for it, put his left hand on the sill and gradually wriggled out. Then he seized the iron bar, and for one fearful moment hung outside from it by his right hand, while his left hand felt for the rope down at his knees; it was too tight against the wall for his fingers to get round it higher up. The moment he had fairly grasped it he left the bar, and swiftly seized the rope with the right hand too; but in doing this his body necessarily fell about a yard. A stifled cry came up from below. Gerard hung in mid-air. He clenched his teeth and pressed the rope tight with

his feet and gripped it with his hands, and went down slowly hand below hand. He passed by one huge rough stone after another. He looked up and he looked down. The moon shone into his prison window; it seemed very near. The figures below seemed an awful distance. It made him dizzy to look down; so he fixed his eyes steadily on the wall close to him and went slowly, down, down. The rope made his hands very hot. He stole another look up. The prison window was a good way off, now. Down, down, down. He looked up. The window was so distant he ventured now to turn his eyes downward, and there, not more than thirty feet below him, were Margaret and Martin, their hands upstretched towards him. He could see their eyes and their teeth shine in the moonlight. For their mouths were open, and they were breathing hard.

‘Take care, Gerard!’ they cried, ‘oh, take care. Look not down.’

‘Fear not,’ cried Gerard, joyfully, and came down faster.

In another minute, his feet were at their hands. They seized him ere he touched the ground, and all three clung together in one embrace.

‘Hush! away in silence, dear one!’

They stole along the shadow of the wall. But ere they had gone many yards a stream of light shot suddenly from an angle of the building and lay across their path like a barrier of fire, and they heard whispers and footsteps close at hand.

‘Back!’ hissed Martin. ‘Keep in the shadow.’

They hurried back, passed the dangling rope, and made for a little square projecting tower. They had barely rounded it, when the light shot trembling past them and flickered uncertainly into the distance.

‘A lantern!’ groaned Martin, in a whisper. ‘They are after us.’

‘Give me my knife,’ whispered Gerard, ‘I’ll never be taken alive.’

Martin strung his bow and fitted an arrow to the string. 'In war never wait to be struck,' said that old soldier; 'I will kill one or two ere they know where this death comes from.' Then motioning his companions to be quiet he crept up to the corner of the wall and looked round it, holding his bow ready to take aim the moment the enemy should offer a mark.

Gerard and Margaret held their breath in horrible expectation; they had never seen a human being killed.

Gerard was hoping the burgomaster was of the party, for he knew that Martin would shoot straight, not caring if he shot the burgomaster himself. But a strange thing happened. They saw the bow waver and shake in the hands of Martin, and the stout old soldier staggered back to them, his knees knocking and his cheeks pale with fear. He let his arrow fall and clutched Gerard's shoulder.

'Let me feel flesh and blood,' he gasped; 'the haunted tower! the haunted tower!'

Margaret and Gerard began to share his terror. They ventured to ask what it was that alarmed him so.

'Hush!' he cried, 'it will hear you. Up the wall! It is going up the wall! Its head is on fire. It is going up the wall as men walk upon a level road. The devils are abroad tonight!'

'I will venture forth to look,' said Gerard, trembling.

'Go alone, then!' said Martin. 'I have looked on it once and live.'

When Gerard came round the angle of the tower he expected to see not a devil, but some wicked contrivance of his enemy the burgomaster. He believed some attempt was being made to get at his prison and kill him, for his escape from it could hardly have become known as yet. As he stole forth a soft but brave hand crept into his, and Margaret was by his side to share this new peril.

No sooner was the haunted tower visible, than a sight struck their eyes that benumbed them as they stood. More than half-way up the tower a creature with a fiery head was steadily mounting the wall; the body was dark, but its outline could be seen through the glare from the head, and the whole creature was not much less than four feet long. At the foot of the tower stood a thing in white.

Gerard and Margaret gasped with awe. 'It is going up the rope,' whispered Gerard in terror.

As they gazed, the fiery creature disappeared into Gerard's late prison, but its light could be seen from the cell inside. The white figure stood motionless below.

Now it is a strange thing that people who are under the influence of deadly fear sometimes feel a curious impulse to hurl themselves at the object of their terror. Margaret now had this feeling, and in a moment, with a wild cry, darted forward from Gerard's side, towards the white ghost. But now the white ghost uttered a very human scream and fell on its knees imploring mercy of Margaret.

'Why, it is a woman!' said the latter, hardly yet restored to her senses.

Then the two spoke to one another, and soon all was made clear. Gerard came up and recognized his little sister Kate, and she told them how Giles and she had started to try and find out about Gerard and help him if they could. They had reached the haunted tower, and to their surprise found a new rope dangling from the prison window to the ground.

Kate had looked upon this as the work of devils. How else could a rope be in such a position? But Giles had sprung at this find with vast delight. It was always his joy to go up things; all the instincts of his climbing nature were aroused, and he refused to listen to the warnings of Kate; the utmost he would concede to her fears of devils was to tie the lantern on his head to scare them off. And so with his huge arms and little body he had gone up the rope faster

than his brother had come down it. The light of the lantern on his head had made him into that terrifying figure which had so completely deceived Martin.

As they were talking thus at the foot of the rope, they heard a horrible noise overhead and looking up saw the dwarf, yelling, 'Parchments! parchments!', with his arms full of them. The light made him look a fiendish sight. He hurled the parchments down and quickly followed them. He was wild with joy, and at once proposed to sell all the parchments to Gerard, to whom he had been in the habit of selling any bits of parchments he could get, since Gerard needed them for his work and paid him a few pence for them.

'Hush!' said Gerard; 'you speak too loud. Gather them up and follow us to a safer place than this.'

Then Kate asked Gerard if he would come home with her to their father's house, and told him how she had discovered the plot of Cornelis and Sybrandt, his envious brothers, against him. But Gerard was sure his father must have given the burgomaster some authority to put him in prison, and refused to go back. He would have nothing more to do with his home nor his family.

'While there is another town left, I'll never trouble you again, Tergou,' he cried bitterly.

Kate was very unhappy at this, but Margaret whispered to her that perhaps his anger would grow less and he would forgive and go home again after all.

Gerard gave the dwarf a few small coins for the parchments. Margaret did not wish him to take them. 'They are not ours,' she said. But Gerard maintained that it was quite fair to rob an enemy. The burgomaster had wished to deprive him of liberty, perhaps life; surely he might take his old parchments in retaliation? So Kate and Giles went to their home while Margaret and Gerard rejoined Martin and all three went off together to Sevenbergen.

—CHARLES READE

9. THE INVENTORY

I. THE EMPEROR'S HOSPITALITY

IN the meantime the emperor was busy discussing what should be done with me, and I was afterwards told by a particular friend, a respectable gentleman, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They were afraid of my breaking loose ; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisonous arrows, which would soon bring about my death ; but again they considered that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom.

In the midst of these discussions, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave a favourable account of my behaviour. This impressed his majesty and the whole board so much that an order was issued by the emperor obliging all the villagers nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six oxen, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my meals ; together with a suitable quantity of bread, and wine and other liquors ; for the due payment of which his majesty gave orders to his treasury officers ; for this prince lives chiefly upon his own income ; seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. Six hundred persons were asked to wait on me. They had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them, very conveniently, on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country ; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language ; and

lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me.

All these orders were duly put in execution ; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language ; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort ; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire ' that he would be pleased to give me my liberty ' ; which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could understand it was, ' that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must swear a peace with him and his kingdom.' And he advised me to ' acquire by my patience and discreet behaviour the good opinion of himself and his subjects '. He desired ' I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me ; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person.' I said His majesty should be satisfied ; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn out my pockets before him. This I delivered, part in words, and part in signs. He replied, ' that by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers ; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance ; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands ; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for, at the rate which I would set upon them.'

I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any

but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pens, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows:—

II. THE INVENTORY

Imprimis, In the right coat-pocket of the great man-mountain after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a-sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of a white thin substance, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket, on the right side of his middle cover we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we knew not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same

kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side, were several flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk ; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped ; we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, so we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered and seemed all of a piece : but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a huge plate of steel ; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we feared they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter ; these he called his fobs ; they were two large slits cut into the tops of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his body. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain ; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal ; for, on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill ; and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships ; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understand him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly), that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but arranged to open and shut like a purse, and served him for

the same use, we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of great value.

Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, carefully searched all his pockets we observed a girdle about his waist made of the hide of some huge animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men ; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them : the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold about fifty of them in the palm of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great courtesy, and due respect in your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

CLEFRIN FRELOCK

MARSI FRELOCK

III. GULLIVER DELIVERS UP SOME ARTICLES

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the different articles. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the meantime, he ordered three thousand of the choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge ; but I did not observe it, for my eyes were wholly fixed on his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts extremely bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between

terror and surprise ; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most large-hearted prince, was less afraid than I could expect ; he ordered me to put it back into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars ; by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it ; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea I first warned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was greater than at the sight of the scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead ; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets ; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern ; for their sight is much more acute than ours. He asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating ; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse, with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones ; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in

carriages to his majesty's stores ; but the rest of my goods were returned to me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of my eyes) a pocket perspective, and some other little instruments ; which, being of no use to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to disclose, and I was afraid that they might be lost or spoiled, if I let them get out of my possession.

—JONATHAN SWIFT

10. *THE TOURNAMENT AT ASHBY*

1. PREPARATIONS

PRINCE JOHN, ruler of England at this time was in league with Philip of France, King Richard's greatest enemy, and both were doing everything in their power to keep the emperor from setting Richard free. Meanwhile, he ruled in England so badly, that people were tempted to envy those who died.

Wretched as the poor, oppressed, and over-taxed people were, they loved to see a tournament. Such an event was a bright spot in their dark lives, and they thronged from far and near to see the sight.

The tournament at Ashby (or Ashby de la Zouch) was a great and famous one, and Prince John himself and all the chief nobles of the kingdom came either to see it or to take part in it.

It was held in the following way. In a huge level field of beautiful short green turf, a great enclosure of oblong shape formed the 'lists', the long space or course enclosed by palisades (or posts), down which the knights charged at each other on horseback. At each end of the lists, which

were like a straight race-course, were the gates which admitted the combatants. At these gates stood the two heralds, each attended by six trumpeters, six orderlies, and a strong body of soldiers. These heralds were gentlemen who had to make sure that the knights were really the men they claimed to be and that each had a right to the coat of arms painted on his shield, to announce the names of the combatants, and to keep order.

At one end of the meadow were pitched five large and beautiful silken tents belonging to the five knights who 'held the lists', that is, challenged any knight in England to come and try to prove himself a better fighter with lance and sword. Before each pavilion or tent was hung the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied. On the shield was painted the coat of arms or device of its owner, to enable him to be known and recognized when his face was covered by his helmet and nothing of it was visible but his eyes.

The central tent had been kept for Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a mark of honour to his fame as a very brave and skilful knight. On one side were the tents of Reginald Front-de-Boeuf and Philip de Malvoisin, while in the other were those of Hugh de Grantmesnil and Ralph de Vipont. At the other end of the course was a large enclosed space for the knights, who wished to accept the challenge of the five champions who held the lists. All round the whole meadow were the tents of soldiers and attendants, refreshment tents, others in which armourers and farriers carried on their work, stalls for horses, and blacksmiths' forges.

Round the palisades of the lists were raised galleries and stands, like those at race-courses, on which were seats for the spectators of higher rank. A narrow space between the galleries and the palisades gave room for the middle class of people, while the lower classes had to find such room as they could by climbing upon banks of earth thrown

up on rising ground that overlooked the meadow. In the centre of one side of the lists was a higher and finer gallery or grandstand, put up for Prince John and the royal party. On the opposite side, and facing it, was another for the 'Queen of Beauty', the lady chosen to distribute the prizes, or crown the victor, after the tournament was over. Who this would be, none knew before the sports began. 'Sports' seems a strange word to use for a pastime in which men lost life and limb, and in which the least that could happen to one of the two combatants was that he should be knocked violently from his horse by the spear of his opponent when both were galloping at full speed. But in those days, as long as the spears were blunt, and the aim of each knight was merely to knock the other off his horse, it was regarded as a game. Frequently, however, two knights or two parties of knights would challenge each other to fight with pointed lances, and to continue the fight with swords when unhorsed.

Soon after daylight on the day fixed for the commencement of the tournament, people began to arrive upon the scene. The poorer folk climbed trees, covered the rising ground, and even occupied the tower of a neighbouring church. Slowly the space between the stands and the palisades was filled with farmers and small landowners, while the galleries themselves began to be covered with the bright dresses of the ladies and the robes of the knights and nobles of high rank.

Among those standing near the palisades below the galleries were to be seen Isaac of York and his daughter Rebecca, a young and beautiful girl. Isaac did not get a place without receiving many angry and spiteful words from those he brushed against, and had it not been for the entry of Prince John just as he took up his position, he might have been flung out again by his Jew-hating neighbours. Prince John was followed by a large retinue of nobles, officers, soldiers, and priests.

Passing on with his followers along the lists, Prince John suddenly remembered the duty that had brought him there. 'Why! Sir Prior,' said he, 'we have forgotten the chief business of the day, the choosing of the Queen of Beauty to be Queen of the Tournament, and award the prize to the best knight at the end of the fighting. I vote for the beautiful Rebecca, old Isaac's daughter!'

'Good Heaven!' answered the Prior in surprise and horror, 'a Jewess! No, we cannot have a Jewess queen of a Christian tournament. Besides, if we are to have the most beautiful woman for the queen, I think the Lady Rowena is far more beautiful than this Rebecca.'

'What does it matter?' replied the Prince. 'Let us have the Jewess just to annoy the Saxons, who think their Rowena so lovely.'

'No, my lord,' said de Bracy, 'that would go beyond a joke and become an insult to all present. There will be no tournament if you do this.' A murmur arose among even his personal friends.

'Choose whom you please,' said John, 'I was but jesting.'

'I have a proposal,' said de Bracy. 'Let us not choose a Queen of Beauty until the tournament is over. Then let the victor name her, and receive the prize and crown from her hands. It will be a still further reward for him, and a triumph for the lady whom he selects.'

'Silence, gentlemen,' said Prince John, 'it is time that the sports began. Let the heralds state the rules of the tournament.'

II. THE RULES OF THE TOURNAMENT

The heralds then read out the rules for the fighting. They were, briefly, as follows:

First, the five challengers would fight all comers.

Secondly, any knight wishing to fight might select the challenger whom he wished to oppose, and indicate him by going and touching his shield as it hung outside his tent. If he did this with the handle of his lance, the combat would be fought with blunt spears, and the only danger would lie in being knocked off the horse. But if he touched the shield with the point of his lance, then there would be a real fight with sharp spears, until one or the other was killed, or too badly wounded to fight longer.

Thirdly, when the five challengers had each broken five lances, the prince was to declare the winner of the first day's fighting, who should receive as his prize a most magnificent war-horse, and, moreover, should have the honour of choosing the Queen of Beauty, by whom the grand prize of the whole tournament should be given on the next day.

Fourthly, on the next day, all the knights present should have a great battle, dividing themselves into two parties of equal numbers, and should go on fighting until only one was left, or until Prince John gave the signal to stop the fight. The Queen of Beauty was then to crown the knight who was the victor (either the only one left, or, if several survived, the one whom Prince John adjudged to be the best) with a crown of golden laurel-leaves. This would end the tournament, and then there would be archery for the common soldiers, and bear-baiting, bull-baiting, wrestling, and other amusements for the people.

Having finished their announcement of the rules, the heralds left the lists, which were now empty but for the marshals at either end. It was the duty of these two officials to carry out the prince's orders, stop the fighting when necessary, and see that the laws of the heralds were obeyed. All was now ready, and the enclosure presented a very gay scene. The sloping galleries and stands were crowded with brightly clothed nobles of England—both Norman and Saxon—until there was neither a seat nor stand-

ing-room for a single person more. The interior space was crammed with lesser gentry, townsmen, farmers, minor officials, and others of the middle classes, in green, red, or blue tunic and cloaks, while all around was a darker mass of the common people, labourers, servants, grooms, foresters, soldiers, cultivators, and masterless men.

III. THE FIRST DAY

In the enclosed space at the end opposite to the tents of the challengers, was a large body of knights come from all parts of England to prove their skill and win the golden crown. From them five were chosen by lot, and allowed to ride into the lists as the first to accept the challenge given to all the knights of Christendom by the five challengers. Advancing together, the five knights rode slowly down the lists towards the tents of the challengers. Arrived there, each of them touched the shield of one of the challengers with the handle of his lance, and then all returned to their own end of the lists and awaited the five champions. These quickly came forth from their tents, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, rode to their places at their end of the lists, each opposite to the man who had touched his shield. All being ready, the heralds blew their trumpets, and the knights galloped at each other as hard as they could go, each aiming his lance at the shield or helmet of his opponent, and hoping to knock him from his horse while retaining his own seat firmly in the saddle.

The challengers proved the stronger party. Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Boeuf all threw their antagonists to the ground. The opponent of Grantmesnil failed to hit him with his lance and so disgraced himself as a poor horseman, while the fifth knight and Ralph de Vipont both broke their lances on each other's shields without either being unhorsed.

Loud cheers greeted the victory of the challengers, who returned to their tents.

A second and a third party of knights entered the lists against the challengers, but with the same result.

At the fourth entry only three knights appeared, and these, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Boeuf, touched those of the lesser champions. Their wisdom did not lead to success, however, for all three were thrown from their horses by the lances of the challengers.

After the fourth defeat there was a long pause. None seemed anxious to add to the list of the challengers' victories. The spectators murmured among themselves. None murmured more loudly than Cedric, who had earnestly hoped that some Saxon knight might overthrow one of the Norman challengers, and longed to see his evil neighbours, Front-de-Boeuf and Malvoisin dashed to the ground in their pride and triumph. Cedric was himself a brave soldier and a skilful fighter with the Saxon axe and sword, but he had never learned the Norman method of fighting on horseback with the lance. He looked anxiously at Athelstane, who was a skilful horseman and had taken part in many tournaments, but, though brave and strong, Athelstane was lazy and without the least desire for fame and glory.

'The Normans are winning, my lord,' said Cedric; 'are you not going to strike a blow for England's honour?'

'No, I shall take part in the big fight tomorrow,' was Athelstane's reply.

IV. THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT

At this moment a trumpet was blown from the knight's enclosure, and a single knight entered the lists. He looked young and slender, was arrayed in fine armour richly inlaid with gold, and bore on the shield the picture of a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, and the word 'Disinherited'.

He rode a beautiful horse, and managed it with strength and ease as he went down the lists and saluted the prince with his long and heavy lance. On reaching the tents of the challengers, to the surprise of all, he struck the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert a sharp blow with the *point* of his lance. This meant that he wished to fight the leader of the challengers in deadly combat until one of the two could fight no more.

‘Have you prayed, and are you fit to die?’ asked Bois-Guilbert, who was standing by his tent-door.

‘I am fitter to die than you are,’ was the reply.

‘Then take your last look at the sun, and get to your place, for you are about to die,’ said the Knight Templar.

‘Thank you,’ replied the Disinherited Knight; ‘and in return may I advise you to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for you will want them.’

Having said this he rode to his own end of the lists, and awaited the coming of his enemy.

Bois-Guilbert took the advice of his opponent, mounted his best war-horse, and took a fresh spear and his strongest shield. When the two knights stood ready at the ends of the lists, there was a dead silence throughout the great assembly. All were watching with the closest attention, and most expected that the famous champion would quickly and easily dispose of the rash young man who had dared to make the combat a real one with pointed lances and sharp swords. Few expected him to win; all wished him well for his courage.

The trumpets gave the signal. The two knights dashed from their places at full speed, and met with a crash in the centre of the lists. Each struck the shield of the other fair and true with the point of his lance, and each lance was shattered to pieces with the force of the charges. Both knights reeled in their saddles. But neither horse nor rider

fell, and, returning to their places, both knights took fresh spears.

Loudly the spectators cheered; and then again, as the heralds put their trumpets to their lips, a sudden hush fell upon the vast crowd, as every man and woman leaned forward and watched the second charge with breathless interest.

A second time the trumpets gave their loud signal, and a second time the knights galloped at full speed to meet each other. In this encounter the Knight Templar again aimed at the shield of the Disinherited Knight, but the latter took the more difficult and more deadly course of aiming at the helmet of his opponent. Could he strike the Templar fairly in the centre of the face of his helmet, where the eye-holes enabled him to see out, it was almost certain that he would bring him down. With a mighty crash the men and horses met in full career. The lance of Sir Brian struck the shield of his opponent and nearly drove the latter from his saddle, but the Disinherited Knight's spear struck the helmet of the Templar right in the centre, and the point caught fast in the bars of the visor or face-guard.

Even then the Templar might have kept his seat, but the strain was too great for the girths of his saddle, which burst, and man and saddle rolled on the ground in a cloud of dust. The great champion was unhorsed and beaten by the unknown knight.

Springing to his feet, mad with rage and shame, the Knight Templar drew his sword and rushed at his enemy. The latter, dismounting from his horse, that he might not take any advantage of the other, also unsheathed his sword and sprang to the attack. The marshals, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the rules of the first day's tournament allowed only mounted fighting; and further, that, having been unhorsed, Sir Brian was defeated and must retire.

They then separated, and the Disinherited Knight asked a herald to announce that he would fight each of the other challengers in turn.

Front-de-Boeuf met him next, and, as he nearly fell, and also lost a stirrup in the encounter, he was adjudged beaten. Sir Philip de Malvoisin came third, and as his helmet was struck off by the lance of his enemy, he too was the loser. In the fourth fight the unknown knight showed himself as gentlemanly as he was brave and strong, for Grantmesnil's horse, being young and wild, plunged about and disturbed its rider's aim. Instead of taking advantage of this, the Disinherited Knight raised his lance and let his opponent pass unhurt and gave him a second chance on a quieter horse. But Grantmesnil declined this, saying that the other had won by his courtesy as he would by his skill.

In the fifth encounter he hurled Ralph de Vipont from his saddle with such force that the blood gushed from his mouth and nose, and he was carried senseless from the lists.

Amidst loud cheering and applause, Prince John declared the Disinherited Knight the victor in the day's tournament.

V. CHOOSING THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY

'Sir Disinherited Knight,' then said Prince John, 'since that is the only name by which we can know you, it is now your duty as well as your privilege to name the lady who is to be the Queen of Beauty and to preside over tomorrow's festival. Ride round the lists, and from all the ladies present choose the one whom you wish to be our queen for a day.'

The Disinherited Knight then mounted the beautiful horse that he had won as the victor's prize, and rode slowly round the lists, looking at the ladies seated in the galleries, as though trying to choose the most beautiful for the honour of being the Queen of Beauty.

At length he came to the gallery in which were seated Cedric the Saxon and his party. From no part of the enclosure had the cheering for the victor been so loud as from here. Cedric was delighted to see his enemies, Front-de-Boeuf and Malvoisin, overcome, and the haughty Bois-Guilbert flung to the ground. Perhaps the unknown knight was a Saxon, and in any case the haughty Norman challengers had been defeated.

As the Disinherited Knight paused before the gallery all eyes were fixed upon him, for it appeared that he had made his choice. This he had done, for raising his lance aloft he brought it slowly downwards until the point lay at the feet of the Lady Rowena, who was thus pointed out by the champion as the Queen of Beauty. The trumpets instantly sounded, and the heralds proclaimed that the Lady Rowena was the duly appointed queen of the next day's tournament and festival, and that any one who did not obey her authority would be suitably punished. The Norman ladies were not very well pleased to see a Saxon maiden chosen as the queen, but their murmurs were drowned in the general shout of 'Long live the Queen of Beauty', and the cries from the Saxons of 'Long live the Lady Rowena of the race of the immortal King Alfred'.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT

11. *THE GREEDY SHEPHERD*

I. CLUTCH AND KIND

ONCE upon a time there lived in the south two brothers, whose business it was to keep sheep in a great grassy plain, which was bounded on the one side by a forest, and on the other by a chain of high hills. No one lived on that plain but shepherds, who dwelt in low cottages thatched with heath, and watched their sheep so carefully that no lamb was ever lost, nor had one of the shepherds ever travelled

beyond the foot of the hills and the skirts of the forest.

There were none among them more careful than these two brothers, one of whom was called Clutch, and the other Kind. Though brethren born, two men of distant countries could not be more unlike in disposition. Clutch thought of nothing in this world but how to catch and keep some profit for himself, while Kind would have shared his last morsel with a hungry dog.

This covetous mind made Clutch keep all his father's sheep when the old man was dead and gone, because he was the eldest brother, allowing Kind nothing but the place of a servant to help him in looking after them. Kind wouldn't quarrel with his brother for the sake of the sheep, so he helped him to keep them, and Clutch had all his own way. This made him agreeable.

For some time the brothers lived peaceably in their father's cottage, which stood low and lonely under the shadow of a great sycamore tree, and kept their flock with pipe and crook on the grassy plain, till new troubles arose through Clutch's covetousness.

On that plain there was neither town, nor city, nor market-place, where people might sell or buy, but the shepherds cared little for trade. The wool of their flocks made them clothes; their milk gave them butter and cheese. At least times every family killed a lamb or so; their fields yielded them wheat for bread. The forest supplied them with firewood for winter; and every midsummer, which is the sheep-shearing time, traders from a certain far-off city came through it by an ancient way to purchase all the wool the shepherds could spare, and give them in exchange either goods or money.

One midsummer it so happened that these traders praised the wool of Clutch's flock above all they found on the plain, and gave him the highest price for it. That was an unlucky

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happening for the sheep ; from thenceforth Clutch thought he could never get enough wool off them. At the shearing-time nobody clipped so close, and, in spite of all Kind could do or say, he left the poor sheep as bare as if they had been shaven ; and as soon as the wool grew long enough to keep them warm, he was ready with the shears again no matter how chilly might be the days, or how near the winter.

Kind didn't like these doings, and many a debate they caused between him and his brother. Clutch always tried to persuade him that close clipping was good for the sheep, and Kind always strove to make him think he had got all the wool—so they were never done with disputes.

Still Clutch sold the wool, and stored up his profits, and one midsummer after another passed. The shepherds began to think him a rich man, and close clipping might have become the fashion but for a strange thing which happened to his flock.

The wool had grown well that summer. He had taken two crops off them, and was thinking of a third,—though the misty mornings of autumn were come, and the cold evenings made the shepherds put on their winter cloaks—when first the lambs, and then the ewes, began to stray away ; and search as the brothers would, none of them was ever found again. Clutch blamed Kind with being careless, and watched with all his might.

Kind knew it was not his fault, but he looked sharper than ever. Still the straying went on. The flocks grew smaller every day, and all the brothers could find out was, that the closest clipped were the first to go ; and, count the flock when they might, some were sure to be missed at the folding.

Kind grew tired of watching, and Clutch lost his sleep with vexation. The other shepherds, over whom he had boasted of his wool and his profits, were not sorry to see pride having a fall. Most of them pitied Kind, but all of

them agreed that they had marvellous ill luck, and kept as far from them as they could for fear of sharing it.

Still the flock melted away as the months wore on. Storms and cold weather never stopped them from straying, and when the spring came back nothing remained with Clutch and Kind but three old ewes, the quietest and lamest of their whole flock.

They were watching these ewes one evening in the primrose time, when Clutch, who had never kept his eyes off them that day, said—

‘Brother, there is wool to be had on their backs.’

‘It is too little to keep them warm,’ said Kind. ‘The east wind still blows sometimes;’ but Clutch was off to the cottage for the bag and shears.

Kind was grieved to see his brother so covetous, and to divert his mind he looked up at the great hills: it was a sort of comfort to him, ever since their losses began, to look at them evening and morning. Now their far-off heights were growing crimson with the setting sun, but as he looked, three creatures like sheep scoured up a cleft in one of them as fleet as any deer: and when Kind turned, he saw his brother coming with the bag and shears, but not a single ewe was to be seen.

Clutch’s first question was, what had become of them; and when Kind told him what he saw, the eldest brother scolded him with might and main for ever lifting his eyes off them.

II. THE ANCIENT SHEPHERD

‘Much good the hills and the sunset do us,’ said he, ‘now that we have not a single sheep. The other shepherds will hardly give us room among them at shearing-time or harvest; but for my part, I’ll not stay on this plain to be despised for poverty. If you like to come with me, and be guided by my advice, we shall get service somewhere.’

I have heard my father say that there were great shepherds living in old times beyond the hills ; let us go and see if they will take us for sheep-boys.'

Kind would rather have stayed and tilled his father's wheat-field, hard by the cottage ; but since his eldest brother would go, he resolved to bear him company. Accordingly, next morning Clutch took his bag and shears, Kind took his crook and pipe, and away they went over the plain and up the hills. All who saw them thought that they had lost their senses, for no shepherd had gone there for a hundred years and nothing was to be seen but wide moorlands, full of rugged rocks, and sloping up, it seemed, to the very sky.

Kind persuaded his brother to take the direction the sheep had taken, but the ground was so rough and steep that after two hours' climbing they would gladly have turned back, if it had not been that their sheep were gone, and the shepherds would laugh at them.

By noon they came to the stony cleft, up which the three old ewes had scoured like deer ; but both were tired, and sat down to rest. Their feet were sore, and their hearts were heavy ; but as they sat there, a sound of music came down the hills, as if a thousand shepherds had been playing on their tops. Clutch and Kind had never heard such music before.

As they listened, the soreness passed from their feet, and the heaviness from their hearts ; and getting up, they followed the sound up the cleft, and over a wide heath, covered with purple bloom ; till at sunset, they came to the hill-top, and saw a broad pasture, where violets grew thick among the grass, and thousands of snow-white sheep were feeding, while an old man sat in the midst of them, playing on his pipe. He wore a long coat, the colour of the holly leaves ; his hair hung to his waist, and his beard to his knees ; but both were as white as snow, and he had the

countenance of one who had lead a quiet life, and known no care nor losses.

‘Good father,’ said Kind, for his eldest brother hung back and was afraid, ‘tell us what land is this, and where we can find service ; for my brother and I are shepherds, and can well keep flocks from straying, though we have lost our own.’

‘These are the hill pastures,’ said the old man, ‘and I am the ancient shepherd. My flocks never stray, but I have employment for you. Which of you can shear best?’

‘Good Father,’ said Clutch, taking courage, ‘I am the closest shearer in all the plain country ; you would not find as much as would make a thread on a sheep when I have done with it.’

‘You are the man for my business,’ replied the old shepherd. ‘When the moon rises, I will call the flock you have to shear. Till then sit down and rest, and take your supper out of my wallet.’

Clutch and Kind gladly sat down by him among the violets, and opening a leathern bag which hung by his side, the old man gave them cakes and cheese, and a horn cup to drink from a stream hard by. The brothers felt fit for any work after that meal ; and Clutch rejoiced in his own mind at the chance he had got for showing his skill with the shears.

‘Kind will see how useful it is to cut close,’ he thought to himself but they sat with the old man, telling him the news of the plain, till the sun went down and the moon rose, and all the show-white sheep gathered and laid themselves down behind him.

Then he took his pipe and played a merry tune, when immediately there was heard a growing howling, and up the hills came a troop of shaggy wolves, with hair so long that their eyes could scarcely be seen. Clutch would have

fled for fear, but the wolves stopped, and the old man said to him—

‘ Rise, and shear—this flock of mine have too much wool on them.’

Clutch had never shorn wolves before, yet he couldn’t think of losing the good service, and went forward with a stout heart ; but the first of the wolves showed its teeth, and all the rest raised such a howl the moment he came near them, that Clutch was glad to throw down his shears and run behind the old man for safety.

‘ Good father,’ cried he, ‘ I will shear sheep, but not wolves.’

‘ They must be shorn,’ said the old man, ‘ or you go back to the plains, and them after you ; but whichever of you can shear them will get the whole flock.’

On hearing this, Clutch began to exclaim on his hard fortune, and his brother who had brought him there to be hunted and devoured by wolves ; but Kind, thinking that things could be no worse, caught up the shears Clutch had thrown away in his fright, and went boldly up to the nearest wolf. To his great surprise the wild creature seemed to know him, and stood quietly to be shorn, while the rest of the flock gathered round as if waiting their turn.

Kind clipped neatly but not too close, as he had wished his brother to do with the sheep, and heaped up the hair on one side. When he had done with one, another came forward, and Kind went on shearing by the bright moonlight till the whole flock were shorn.

Then the old man said—

‘ Ye have done well ; take the wool and the flock for your wages, return with them to the plain, and if you please, take this little-worth brother of yours for a boy to keep them.’

Kind did not much like keeping wolves, but before he could make answer, they had all changed into the very sheep

which had strayed away so strangely. All of them had grown fatter and thicker of fleece, and the hair he had cut off lay by his side, a heap of wool so fine and soft that its like had never been seen on the plain.

Clutch gathered it up in his empty bag, and glad was he to go back to the plain with his brother; for the old man sent them away with their flock, saying no man must see the dawn of day on that pasture but himself, for it was the ground of the fairies. So Clutch and Kind went home with great gladness.

All the shepherds came to hear their wonderful story, and ever after liked to keep near them because they had such good luck. They keep the sheep together till this day, but Clutch has grown less greedy, and Kind alone uses the shears.

—FRANCES BROWNE

12. *SOCIAL LIFE ON THE ISLAND*

I. THE SUBJECTS

MY island was now peopled, and I thought myself very rich in subjects. I frequently imagined, how like a king I looked. First of all, the whole country was my own property, so that I had an undoubted right of kingship. Secondly, my people were perfectly under control, I was absolute lord and law-giver; they all owed their lives to me, and were ready to lay down their lives, if there had been occasion of it, for me. It was remarkable, too, we had but three subjects, and they were of three different religions. My man Friday was a Protestant, his father was a Pagan, and the Spaniard was a Papist. However, I allowed liberty of conscience throughout my dominions. But this is by the way.

I then began to enter into a little conversation with my two new subjects; and first, I set Friday to inquire of his

father what he thought of the escape of the savages in that canoe, and whether we might expect a return of them, with a power too great for us to resist. His first opinion was, that the savages in the boat never could live out the storm which blew that night they went off, but must, of necessity, be drowned, or driven south to those other shores, where they were as sure to be devoured as they were to be drowned if they were cast away. But as to what they would do if they came safely on shore, he said he knew not ; but it was his opinion that they were so dreadfully frightened with the manner of their being attacked, the noise, and the fire, that he believed they would tell their people they were all killed by thunder and lightning, not by the hand of man ; and that the two which appeared, viz., Friday and me, were two heavenly spirits, of furies, come down to destroy them, and not men with weapons. This, he said, he knew, because he heard them all cry out so in their language to one another ; for it was impossible for them to conceive that a man could dart fire, and speak thunder, and kill at a distance without lifting up the hand, as was done now. And this old savage was in the right ; for, as I understood since by other hands, the savages never attempted to go over to the island afterwards. They were so terrified with the accounts given by those four men that they believed whoever went to that enchanted island would be destroyed with fire from the gods.

This, however, I knew not, and therefore was under constant fear for a good while, and kept always upon my guard, me and all my army ; for as we were now four of us, I would have faced a hundred of them, in the open field, at any time.

In a little time, however, no more canoes appearing, the fear of their coming wore off, and I began to take my former thoughts of a voyage to the main into consideration ; being similarly told by Friday's father, that I might depend

upon good treatment from their nation, on his account, if I would go.

But when I discussed that matter with the Spaniard, I understood that there were sixteen more of his countrymen and Portuguese. They had been cast away and made their escape to that side, lived there at peace, indeed, with the savages, but were very sore put to it for necessaries, and indeed for life.

I asked him how he thought they would receive a proposal from me, which might lead towards an escape. I told him with freedom, I feared mostly their treachery and ill-treatment of me if I put my life in their hands; for gratitude was no inborn virtue in the nature of man, nor did men always decide their dealings by kindness they had received, so much as they did by the gains they expected.

He answered with a great deal of frankness that their condition was so miserable, and they were so conscious of it, that he believed they would hate the thought of using any man unkindly who should work for their deliverance; and that, if I pleased, he would go to them with the old man, and talk with them about it, and return again, and bring me their answer; that he would make terms with them upon their solemn promise that they should be absolutely under my leading, as their commander and captain.

Upon these assurances I resolved to venture to relieve them, if possible, and to send the old savage and this Spaniard over to them to treat. But when we had got quite ready to go, the Spaniard himself started an objection, which had so much prudence in it on one hand, and so much sincerity on the other, that I could not but be very well satisfied with it, and by his advice put off the deliverance of his comrades for at least half a year.

He told me he thought it would be more advisable to let him and the two others dig and cultivate some more

land, as much as I could spare seed to sow ; and that we should wait another harvest, that we might have a supply of corn for his countrymen when they should come ; for want might be a temptation to them to disagree, or not to think themselves delivered, otherwise than out of one difficulty into another. ‘ You know,’ says he, ‘ the children of Israel, though they rejoiced at first for their being delivered out of Egypt, yet rebelled even against God Himself, that delivered them, when they came to want bread in the wilderness.’

II. THE NEW ARRIVALS

And now having a full supply of food for all the guests I expected, I gave the Spaniard leave to go over to the main, to see what he could do there with those he had left behind him.

They went away with a fair gale on the day that the moon was at full, by my account in the month of October.

It was no less than eight days I had waited for them, when a strange and unforeseen event took place of which the like has not perhaps been heard of in history. I was fast asleep in my hutch one morning, when my man Friday came running in to me, and called aloud, ‘ Master, master, they are come, they are come ! ’

I jumped up, and, regardless of danger, I went out as soon as I could get my clothes on, through my little grove, which, by the way, was by this time grown to be a very thick wood ; I say, regardless of danger as I went without my arms, which was not my custom to do ; but I was surprised when, turning my eyes to the sea, I presently saw a boat at about a league and half’s distance standing in for the shore, with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, as they call it, and the wind blowing pretty fair to bring them in ; also I observed presently that they did not come from that side

which the shore lay on, but from the southernmost end of the island. Upon this I called Friday in, and bid him lie close for these were not the people we looked for, and that we might not know yet whether they were friends or enemies.

In the next place, I went in to fetch my perspective glass, to see what I could make of them; and having taken the ladder out, I climbed up to the top of the hill, as I used to do when I was afraid of anything, and to take my view the plainer, without being discovered.

I had scarce set my foot on the hill, when my eye plainly discovered a ship lying at anchor at about two leagues and a half's distance from me, south-south-east, but not above a league and an half from the shore. By my observation, it appeared plainly to be an English ship, and the boat appeared to be an English longboat.

I cannot express the confusion I was in; though the joy of seeing a ship and one which I had reason to believe was manned by my own countrymen, and consequently friends, was such as I cannot describe. But yet I had some secret doubts hung about me, I cannot tell from whence they came, bidding me keep upon my guard. In the first place, it occurred to me to consider what business an English ship could have in that part of the world, since it was not the way to or from any part of the world where the English had any traffic; and I knew there had been no storms to drive them in there as in distress; and that if they were English really, it was most probable that they were here upon no good intention; and that I had better continue as I was, than fall into the hands of thieves and murderers.

I had not kept myself long in this posture when I saw the boat draw near the shore, as if they looked for a creek to thrust in at, for the convenience of landing. However, as they did not come quite far enough, they did not see the little inlet where I formerly landed my rafts; but ran

their boat ashore upon the beach, at about half a mile from me, which was very happy for me ; for otherwise they would have landed just, as I may say, at my door, and would soon have beaten me out of my castle, and perhaps have plundered me of all I had.

When they were on shore, I was fully satisfied that they were Englishmen, at least most of them ; one or two I thought were Dutch, but it did not prove so. There were in all eleven men, whereof three of them I found were unarmed and, as I thought, bound ; and when the first four or five of them had jumped on shore they took those three out of the boat, as prisoners. One of the three I could perceive using the most passionate gestures of entreaty, pain, and despair, even to a kind of extravagance ; and the other two, I could perceive, lifted up their hands sometimes, and appeared concerned indeed, but not to such a degree as the first.

I was perfectly puzzled at the sight, and knew not what the meaning of it should be. Friday called out to me in English as well as he could, ' O master ! you see English mans eat prisoner as well as savage mans.' ' Why,' says I, ' Friday, do you think they are a-going to eat them then ? ' ' Yes,' says Friday, ' they will eat them.' ' No, no,' says I, ' Friday, I am afraid they will murder them indeed, but you may be sure they will not eat them.'

All this while I had no thought of what the matter really was, but stood trembling with the horror of the sight, expecting every moment when the three prisoners should be killed ; nay, once I saw one of the villains lift up his arm with a great cutlass, as the seamen call it, or sword, to strike one of the poor men ; and I expected to see him fall every moment, at which all the blood in my body seemed to run chill in my veins.

I wished heartily now for my Spaniard, and the savage that was gone with him ; or that I had any way to have

come undiscovered within shot of them, that I might have rescued the three men, for I saw they had no fire-arms among them; but it fell out to my mind another way.

After I had observed the outrageous usage of the three men by the insolent seamen; I observed the fellows run scattering about the land, as if they wanted to see the country. I observed that the three other men had liberty to go also where they pleased; but they sat down all three upon the ground, very pensive, and looked like men in despair.

This put me in mind of the first time when I came on shore, and began to look about me; how I gave myself over for lost; how wildly I looked round me; what dreadful fears I had; and how I lodged in the tree all night, for fear of being devoured by wild beasts.

All this while I kept myself very close, not once daring to stir out of my castle, any farther than to my place of observation near the top of the hill; and very glad I was to think how well it was fortified. I knew it was no less than ten hours before the boat could be on float again, and by that time it would be dark, and I might be at more liberty to see their motions, and to hear their discourse, if they had any.

In the meantime, I fitted myself up for a battle, as before, though with more caution, knowing I had to do with another kind of enemy than I had at first. I ordered Friday also, whom I had made an excellent marksman with his gun, to load himself with arms. I took myself two fowling-pieces, and I gave him three muskets. My figure, indeed, was very fierce. I had my formidable goat-skin coat on, with the great cap I have mentioned, a naked sword by my side, two pistols in my belt, and a gun upon each shoulder.

It was my intention, as I said above, not to have made any attempt till it was dark; but about two o'clock being

the heat of the day, I found that, in short, they were all gone straggling into the woods, and, as I thought, were laid down to sleep. The three poor distressed men, too anxious for their condition to get any sleep, were, however, set down under the shelter of a great tree, at about a quarter of a mile from me, and, as I thought, out of sight of any of the rest.

Upon this I resolved to discover myself to them, and learn something of their condition. Immediately I marched in the figure as described above, my man Friday at a good distance behind me, as formidable for his arms as I, but not making quite so staring a spectre-like figure as I did.

I came as near them undiscovered as I could, and then, before any of them saw me, I called aloud to them in Spanish, 'What are ye, gentlemen?'

They started up at the noise, but were ten times more confounded when they saw me, and the uncouth figure that I made. They made no answer at all, but I thought I perceived them just going to fly from me, when I spoke to them in English. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'do not be surprised at me; perhaps you may have a friend near you, when you did not expect it.' 'He must be sent directly from heaven then,' said one of them very gravely to me, and pulling off his hat at the same time to me, 'for our condition is past the help of man.' 'All help is from heaven, sir,' said I. 'But can you put a stranger in the way how to help you, for you seem to be in some great distress? I saw you when you landed; and when you seemed to make request to the brutes that came with you, I saw one of them lift up his sword to kill you.'

The poor man, with tears running down his face, and trembling, looking like one astonished, replied, 'Am I talking to God, or man? Is it a real man, or an angel?' 'Be in no fear about that, sir,' said I. 'If God had sent

an angel to relieve you, he would have come better clothed, and armed after another manner than you see me in. Pray lay aside your fears; I am a man, an Englishman and disposed to assist you, you see. I have one servant only; we have arms and ammunition: tell us freely, can we serve you? What is your case?'

'Our case,' said he, 'sir, is too long to tell you while our murderers are so near; but in short, sir, I was commander of that ship; my men have mutinied against me; they have been hardly persuaded not to murder me; and at last have set me on shore in this desolate place, with these two men with me, one my mate, the other a passenger, where we expected to perish, believing the place to be uninhabited, and know not yet what to think of it.'

—DANIEL DEFOE

13. MY FIRST RIDE

AND it came to pass that, as I was standing by the door of the barrack stable, one of the grooms came out to me saying, 'I say, young gentleman, I wish you would give the cob a breathing this fine morning.'

'Why do you wish me to mount him?' said I. 'You know he is dangerous. I saw him fling you off his back only a few days ago.'

'Why, that's the very thing, master. I'd rather see anybody on his back than myself; he does not like me; but, to them he does, he can be as gentle as a lamb.'

'But suppose,' said I, 'that he should not like me?'

'We shall soon see that, master,' said the groom; 'and if so be she shows temper, I will be the first to tell you to get down. But there's no fear of that: you have never angered or insulted him, and to such as you, I say again, he'll be as gentle as a lamb.'

‘And how came you to insult him,’ said I, ‘knowing his temper as you do?’

‘Merely through forgetfulness, master. I was riding him about a month ago, and having a stick in my hand, I struck him, thinking I was on another horse, or rather thinking of nothing at all. He has never forgiven me, though before that time he was the only friend I had in the world. I should like to see you on him, master.’

‘I should soon be off him: I can’t ride.’

‘Then you are all right, master; there’s no fear. Trust him for not hurting a young gentleman, an officer’s son, who can’t ride. If you were a blackguard dragoon, indeed with long spurs, ’twere another thing; as it is, he’ll treat you as if he were the elder brother that loves you. Ride! he’ll soon teach you to ride, if you leave the matter with him. He’s the best riding master in all Ireland, and the gentlest.’

The cob was led forth; what a tremendous creature! I had frequently seen him before, and wondered at him, he was barely fifteen hands, but he had the girth of a metropolitan dray-horse; his head was small in comparison with his immense neck, which curved down nobly to his wide back; his chest was broad and fine, and his shoulders models of symmetry and strength; he stood well and powerfully upon his legs, which were somewhat short. In a word, he was a gallant specimen of the genuine Irish cob, a species at one time not uncommon, but at the present day nearly extinct.

‘There!’ said the groom, as he looked at him, half-admiringly, half-sorrowfully, ‘with sixteen stone on his back, he’ll trot fourteen miles in one hour, with your nine stone, some two and a half more, ay, and clear a six-foot wall at the end of it.’

‘I’m half afraid,’ said I. ‘I’d rather you would ride him.’

'I'd rather so, too, if he would let me; but he remembers the blow. Now, don't be afraid, young master, he's longing to go out himself. He's been trampling with his feet these three days, and I know what that means; he'll let anybody ride him but myself, and thank them; but to me he says, "No! you struck me."'

'But,' said I, 'where's the saddle?'

'Never mind the saddle; if you are ever to be a frank rider, you must begin without a saddle; besides, if he felt a saddle, he would think you don't trust him, and leave you to yourself. Now, before you mount, make his acquaintance—see there, how he kisses you and licks your face, and see how he lifts his foot, that's to shake hands. You may trust him—now you are on his back at last; mind how you hold the bridle—gently, gently! It's not four pair of hands like yours can hold him if he wishes to be off. Mind what I tell you—leave it all to him.'

Off went the cob at a slow and gentle trot, too fast, however, for so inexperienced a rider. I soon felt myself sliding off, the animal perceived it too, and instantly stood stone-still till I had righted myself; and now the groom came up. 'When you feel yourself going,' said he, 'don't lay hold of the mane, that's no use; mane never yet saved man from falling, no more than straw from drowning, it's his sides you must cling to with your calves and feet, till you learn to balance yourself. That's it, now aboard with you; you'll be a regular rough rider by the time you come back.'

And so it proved. I followed the directions of the groom, and the cob gave me every assistance. How easy is riding, after the first timidity is got over, to supple and youthful limbs; and there is no second fear. The creature soon found that the nerves of his rider were in proper tone. Turning his head half round he made a kind of whining noise, flung out a little foam, and set off.

In less than two hours I had made the circuit of the Devil's Mountain, and was returning along the road, bathed with perspiration, but screaming with delight; the cob laughing in his equine way, scattering foam and pebbles to the left and right, and trotting at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

Oh, that ride! the first ride!—most truly it was an epoch in my existence; and I still look back to it with feelings of longing and regret. People may talk of first love—it is a very agreeable event, I dare say—but give me the flush, and triumph, and glorious sweat of a first ride like mine on the mighty cob! My whole frame was shaken, it is true; and during one long week I could hardly move foot or hand; but what of that? By that one trial I had become free, as I may say, of the whole equine species. No more fatigue, no more stiffness of joints, after that first ride round the Devil's Hill on the cob.

Oh, that cob; that Irish cob!—may the sod lie lightly over the bones of the strongest, speediest, and most gallant of its kind! Oh! the days when, issuing from the barrack-gate of Templemore, we commenced our hurry-scurry just as inclination led—now across the fields—direct over the stone walls and running brooks—mere pastime for the cob!—sometimes along the road to Thurles and Holy Cross, even to distant Cahir!—what was distance to the cob?

It was thus that the passion for the equine race was first awakened within me—a passion which, up to the present time, has been rather on the increase than diminishing. It is no blind passion; the horse being a noble and generous creature, intended by the All-Wise to be the helper and friend of man, to whom he stands next in order of creation. On many occasions of my life I have been much indebted to the horse, and have found in him a friend and coadjutor, when human help and sympathy were not to be obtained. It is therefore natural enough that I should love the horse;

but the love which I entertain for him has always been blended with respect ; for I soon perceived that, though disposed to be the friend and helper of man, he is by no means inclined to be his slave ; in which respect he differs from the dog, who will crouch when beaten ; whereas the horse spurns, for he is aware of his own worth, and that he carries death within the horn of his heel. If, therefore, I found it easy to love the horse, I found it equally natural to respect him.

GEORGE BORROW

14. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

OF all the men who have had to do with the building up of the United States since they declared their independence in 1776, no one has a greater right to be called a great statesman than Abraham Lincoln, who was President of the United States from 1861 to 1865, during the years, that is to say, when some of the statesmen of Europe whose lives you have been studying were doing some of their work. The work that Abraham Lincoln did for the good of his country and for liberty and the rights of helpless members of the human family affected not only America, but Europe and the world. Let us see how he came to achieve these great things.

Abraham Lincoln was born in February, 1809, on a farm in Kentucky, a state which was then almost on the western edge of that part of North America which had been divided into states. Lincoln's parents were very poor, and Abraham spent his boyhood amid the conditions of country life which in that part of the world and at that time were very rough and primitive indeed. To the north ran the River Ohio and to the west the great River Mississippi, beyond which lay the vast territory of Louisiana, just beginning to be opened up by pioneers and not yet made into states. In these surroundings Lincoln soon had to learn to stand up against

the hardest conditions of life. Living as he did in a log cabin, he knew what it was to go cold and hungry and how hard men, and even boys had to work to gain the merest necessities of life. In 1817, when Lincoln was eight, his father moved across the Ohio to the newly formed state of Indiana, where the family lived for the next thirteen years. Here they had to work with muscle and axe upon the unbroken forest. Here, too, Abraham's mother died, but his father married again, and it happened that his step-mother was very good to him and encouraged him in his hunger for education. As he grew up he taught himself many things. It was very hard to get hold of books, but Lincoln managed to read good books, such as *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Æsop's Fables*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*, who played such an important part in the creation of the United States.

When Lincoln was twenty-one his father made another move, this time westward into the state of Illinois, and with this state Lincoln was associated for the rest of his life. During the next few years Lincoln went through the most varied experiences. He went on a trip to New Orleans as an assistant to a trader, became a clerk in the village store, was out of work for a year, won a wrestling match against the local champion. He then began to study the law until at last, in 1837, he settled down as a lawyer, in partnership with another man, in the town of Springfield. Shortly before this he had been elected to the State Parliament, or Legislature, of Illinois, and he soon began to show his interest in public affairs and his ability as a public speaker. In 1847 he put up for election to Congress, which was the Parliament for the whole of the United States, sitting at Washington. You might think from his portrait that Lincoln's appearance was against him; for he was a tall, lean, ugly man, but the force of his character and the power of his speech-making were so great that he was elected. So

he travelled to the American capital, where during the next two years he gained new experience as a law-maker.

For the next few years Lincoln returned to Springfield and worked up his business as a lawyer and during these years trouble grew in the United States. This trouble was over the question of negro slavery, and it was this question which brought Abraham Lincoln back to his work as a statesman, and raised him to the highest position that any man can reach in the United States. From the early days of the colonization of America by Europeans, negroes had been used for labour. Brought over from Africa in great batches, they were sold to settlers in need of workers. This was particularly the case in the southern colonies of North America, and it was here that slavery developed mostly. The northern states did not mind the southern states having slaves at first, but during the nineteenth century their attitude changed. You will remember that at the time of the War of Independence, after which the United States set up their own Government, there were only thirteen Colonies. Each of these Colonies then became a state with its own government for its own affairs. But for matters which concerned all the states in common there was a general Government at Washington, with a Parliament, called Congress, and a President elected indirectly by the people.

After the war there began a great movement westward, and new areas were opened up. After a time these areas became states. Now, the question which the Government at Washington had to settle was whether any new state could introduce slavery. The southern states said that any new state should be allowed to have slaves if it wished, and they said also that the Government at Washington had not the power to deny them this right. Others held that those states which already had slavery should be allowed to keep it, but that slavery should not be newly introduced anywhere else. Lincoln was one of these, and from the

year 1854, he worked and wrote and made speeches urging his point of view. In this year he made a great speech against a man named Douglas, who was seeking election to the American Parliament for the state of Illinois. In this speech he made a most moving appeal against the extension of slavery. From this time he began to go farther, and in 1858 he made a speech at Springfield in which he said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe this Government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free.' By this he meant that the United States must remain one great union, and if this was to be so, slavery would sooner or later have to be abolished.

In 1859 a man named John Brown, with a handful of men, attacked an arsenal in Virginia. He intended to steal the weapons and to arm the slaves with them. This act brought matters to a head. John Brown was captured and executed, and his followers sang the famous song beginning, 'John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.' In 1860 a new election for the Presidency of the United States took place. A new party, to which Abraham Lincoln belonged, nominated him for this office. The opposing party was divided into two. So it came about that Lincoln was elected President and began to hold his office in 1861. The southern states now felt that slavery was certain to be abolished, and rather than allow this to happen to them they decided to leave the Union altogether. So they declared that they no longer belonged to the United States, and they formed a union of their own, called the Confederate States of America, and elected a President for themselves. Eleven states, led by South Carolina, joined this new union, and it was this situation that Lincoln had to face on becoming President.

When Lincoln came to Washington as President in March 1861, he was fifty-one years of age. On his way he was met and cheered by enormous crowds, and most people

looked to him to find a way out of the difficulty in which the country found itself. The people of eleven of the states refused to acknowledge him as their President. What was he to do? He simply said that their action in breaking away from the Union was illegal. He said that, as President of the United States, he must enforce the laws of the country as a whole. He said he did not intend to fight his discontented fellow-countrymen, but he must arrange for the holding of all the forts and the collecting of all taxes. The Confederate States, however, would not allow this, and when they made an attack upon one of the forts in April 1861, they began the great Civil War, which was to last for the next four years. President Lincoln did not flinch. He appealed to all loyal citizens to stand by the Union, and issued an order for volunteers. Many thousands of men came forward, and the war was in full swing.

Lincoln's object was to hold the United States together. But he saw that to do this slavery must now be entirely abolished. So in 1863 he issued an order saying that all slaves were free. This could only be enforced in the parts of the country held by the United States troops, but it meant that, as the South was gradually conquered, the abolition of slavery would apply to the whole country. After the war was over a new law was carried declaring slavery illegal throughout the United States. Lincoln was not a military leader, but a statesman, and there is no need for us to deal with the war in detail. We need only say that the war dragged on, owing to the fine leaders that the South found and the heroic refusal of the rebel states to give up the struggle. But they were fighting a losing battle. The Northern States were much more wealthy than the Southern, and, while the North had a population of 22,000,000, the South had only 9,000,000, of whom more than 3,000,000 were negroes. Lincoln's part was to keep up the spirit of his people in the desperate struggle and to help the generals,

whom he selected, in every possible way. Towards the end of 1863 he caused a law to be passed forcing every able-bodied man to serve in the army.

Lincoln's reward was that in 1864 he was elected for a second time President of the United States. In April 1865, the last Southern force to hold out, under General Lee, surrendered to the United States Commander, General Grant. The war was over, the Union had been saved, and the slaves had been freed. This was a wonderful achievement for any man. The great work of repairing the awful damage caused by the war and making the Southerners contented in their defeat was now to be done. But Lincoln did not live to do it. On 14 April 1865, he was sitting in a box at Ford's Theatre in Washington when a madman, named Booth, entered and shot him, and he died at seven o'clock next morning. There was much bitterness still in the South which it took years to end, but America and all the world mourned the loss of this great statesman whose courage and devotion had saved the American state and made all its citizens free.

—C. F. STRONG

15. *TAMASKHI*

I

ONE morning, very early, a Brahmin girl stood upon a lonely stretch of seashore at Madras. It was the time of the monsoon, and the sea was very rough. Dark clouds chased each other over an angry sky, and the whole scene was one of gloom and desolation. But the scene was no sadder than the girl's heart, and as she looked across the great expanse of surging water, tears gathered in her eyes and fell unchecked down her face. It seemed scarcely possible that only three short years ago she had been a happy

school-girl in Mysore. Now she was a widow and fatherless, and there was none to whom she could turn in her distress.

At school she had been happy and successful, though to go there at all had cost a great struggle with her father, for Tamaskhi lived in the days when to leave the strict seclusion of the home for the freedom of school, seemed a dreadful thing to orthodox Brahmin parents. But even her father began to think that there must be some good points about school life when he found that his daughter returned gay and bright, talking of all the new things that she had learned, but still as simple and modest as if she had remained all the time in her own home.

He began to find a pleasure in talking to her and asking her questions about her studies, and she seemed to be so intelligent and to be making such good progress at school, that he began to regret that she was to be married so early, although her future husband was himself a student at the Madras University and would appreciate a wife who had been educated on modern lines.

The marriage took place, with the usual pomp and ceremony, and the two young people were very happy together making plans for the future; among them one great beautiful plan was that Tamaskhi should also become a student at the University and work for her degree.

There would be difficulty about the fees of course. The wedding had swallowed up all the savings of the bride's parents, and the young husband had nothing save what his father allowed him, and until he had passed his final examinations would not be able to obtain that post which would make him independent.

For the time being he could not help Tamaskhi at all, except by encouraging her to be patient and wait for that happy time when he could send for her to join him in Madras.

II

The period of leave that he had obtained to celebrate his wedding came to an end all too soon, and when he left her, the little bride was so disconsolate that she could do nothing but weep. Her mother-in-law chided her, saying that if Tamaskhi was more industrious in the house the days would not seem so long. Tamaskhi did her best, but she had never been used to domestic tasks, and they came hard to her.

It was necessary for her to live with her husband's parents at this time, and they were quite willing to have her, but if she had cherished any hope of continuing her education, she had quickly to relinquish it, for she now found herself with people far more orthodox than her own parents had ever been. They would not hear of her returning to school. That their son should be at the University seemed right. He was a man and must go out into the world. But Tamaskhi was now a married woman, and must remain contentedly at home, performing those domestic tasks which fall naturally to the daughter-in-law and she was expected to behave towards her husband's mother with humility and strict obedience.

She did her very best, and if she had never known any other kind of life, never worked and played with girls of her own age, nor realized the joy of exerting her mind to master new and interesting lessons, she might have settled down happily enough to cook and prepare the family meals. Her mother-in-law was not unkind. She just could not understand how passionately Tamaskhi desired something other than this dull routine of the little home.

Whenever she could squeeze any leisure from her household duties, the girl tried to keep up her studies, but she had hardly any books; and felt herself to be rapidly forgetting all she had learnt at school.

She wrote to her husband telling him of her difficulties, and begging him to send her any books he could spare, but never got an answer to her pathetic little appeal. for the boy (who had always been delicate) had caught a chill from which he never recovered, and one morning Tamaskhi learned that she was a widow.

III

At first, dazed with the shock, she did not seem to understand what had happened to her, and crept about the house as if in an unhappy dream, but as she gradually awakened to the realization of her loss, she was so grief-stricken that she often wished she had died with her husband. With him had perished all her earthly hopes—he had been the one companion who had understood and sympathized with those ambitions which must now be put aside for ever.

She was now about eighteen years old, and saw nothing in front of her but a long dreary road, upon which the sun never shone, and where she would walk, her whole life through, in shadow. She saw herself grow old with no husband or children to love her, and with nothing to divert her thoughts from her sorrows or the petty cares of her narrow life. She passed from a state of passionate rebellion to one of mute despair, and so the sad days went by.

The head of the committee of the college, where Tamaskhi had been a student, was a Brahmin gentleman of wide culture and sympathies, who from the first had displayed a keen interest in the higher education of women in Madras and Mysore.

On the occasion of one of his visits to the college, he had been much struck by Tamaskhi's intelligence, and had asked the teachers who she was. They told him her name, and said that she was quite the most promising girl in her class, and that they hoped to see her do very well. When next he visited the college and inquired for the young

scholar who had interested him, he was informed that she had been married and widowed, and was now living in the strictest seclusion with her late husband's parents.

This information made him feel sad. He could well imagine the trial that such a monotonous life would be to a girl brought up as Tamaskhi had been, and it seemed a pity that one so intelligent should be cut off from all further mental development.

He felt a desire to learn how the poor little widow was faring and whether anything could be done to soften her hard lot. He learnt that she had tried very hard to persuade her relatives to let her return to the college, directly her period of mourning was over, but they had flatly refused their consent.

Then he went to her father and used all his eloquence on behalf of Tamaskhi. He pointed out that times were changing, and that there would be nothing wrong in allowing his daughter to return to her studies, and that her life at the college would be as seemly as if she remained at home. The father agreed that it was very sad for his daughter to be cut off from happy life so early, but protested that he was powerless to alter matters since her affairs had passed out of his control when she married.

He however agreed to supply her with enough money to pay her fees, if the kindly Brahmin could persuade her parents-in-law to let her return to the college.

The next step was to see them, and thither the benefactor went. The opposition here was strong, but a glimpse of Tamaskhi's woebegone face, her thin hand clutching at the drab folds of her widow's robe, urged the good old man to make a fresh appeal on her behalf. He put the case so well and spoke so eloquently of all that education might some day achieve for their community, that at last, in spite of all their prejudices, the old couple gave a grudge-

ing permission that Tamaskhi should go to Madras to study for the University.

And she! When her kind friend told her what he had accomplished, her joy knew no bounds. Now she could live with some purpose, and work so well that she might perhaps return from Madras full of honours to prove that the sacrifice of her relatives had not been made in vain. Her voice, so long hushed, rose again over her daily tasks, and her sweet singing gladdened the little house and lifted some of the gloom that had rested upon it, since the death of the son and husband.

As the time grew near for her to leave for Madras, Tamaskhi became fast friends with her mother-in-law and the old woman bade her a tender farewell when they parted.

IV

Tamaskhi loved every minute of her student life, and from the time she entered upon it did credit to the high opinions her teachers had formed of her.

At last, to her joy, she passed the matriculation examination which opened the doors of the University for her. She was in the seventh heaven of delight, and seemed to walk on air. She was no longer bowed down by sorrow, but a tall, active, happy creature, whose bright eyes sparkled with intelligence. Her letters to her father and to the kind Brahmin who had made all this possible for her, were full of happy plans for the future. She hoped to take a good degree and to become a teacher, so that she might help other girls to find a wider understanding of life through knowledge. There would soon be so much for trained women to do, and she glowed to think how great her opportunities were.

And then, when the girl seemed to have left misfortune far behind her, and to be well up the ladder that leads to success, the blow fell. Her father died quite suddenly,

and Tamaskhi learned that there was no money left to spare for her fees. She was told that she must return to the home of her widowhood and take up that life from which she had escaped, and which to a girl of her training and ambition seemed worse than death. She knew it was useless to appeal. Her husband's parents had never wanted to let her go to Madras, and were unlikely to strain their small means to keep her there. They would almost welcome an event that forced her to return to them, for since she had left, all their old objections had gathered fresh force as they missed her about the house.

All through the night she lay awake, tossing and turning, her brain wearied by the problem that seemed too difficult for her to solve.

When the dawn broke she had not slept at all ; she got up wearily and crossed the room to the little window. It was closed, for the night had been wet and wild, but now she opened it and leaned out. Over the tops of the houses she could see the line of the sea, and the white surf where it broke upon the shore. A sudden desire to be near it came over her, and dressing quickly she stole out of the hostel into the quiet streets. Pulling her sari across her face, she moved hurriedly past the houses and along the by-ways that led to the sea, until she came to a lonely part of the shore. The beach was strewn with great strands of seaweed, yellow and green, cast up by the restless waves, which were driven high up the shore by the monsoon wind.

The fishermen had dragged their boats into safety. None would set sail today, and the beach seemed, deserted. Tamaskhi looked up and down it fearfully ; there seemed no one in sight, except for two distant specks, which might be human figures, but in any case they were very far away, too far away to notice her.

She moved to the very edge of the water, and started across the wide, sullen waste. It was as grey as her own

future, the future of which she could not bear to think. Strange fancies came into her troubled mind, visions rose before her eyes of the women who in bygone days had perished on the funeral pyre with their dead lords. They had not remained behind. It had been easy for them to escape from their troubles.

‘I am very wicked and very miserable,’ thought poor Tamaskhi with a sob, and the waves coming higher licked her little bare feet and splashed the hem of her sari.

‘The water is not cold,’ she thought, and the sea, instead of filling her with fear, seemed to be a friend. She stood quite still, when all at once from out of the gloomy sky shot a beam of light. The rising sun had pierced the clouds, and across the face of the dreary water spread a path of shining gold. It seemed to lead straight to Tamaskhi’s feet and to bathe her lonely figure in light. At the same time a voice seemed to call ‘Tamaskhi! Tamaskhi!’ With a cry of ‘I come!’ she stepped swiftly on to the golden road. She did not seem to feel the water lapping round her. Her eyes saw nothing but that beautiful road, and at the end of it peace and joy.

—E. LUCIA TURNBULL

VERSE

1. *THE HERO*

MOTHER, let us imagine we are travelling, and passing through a strange and dangerous country.

You are riding in a palanquin and I am trotting by you on a red horse.

It is evening and the sun goes down. The waste of Joradighi lies wan and grey before us. The land is desolate and barren.

You are frightened and thinking—‘I know not where we have come to.’

I say to you, ‘Mother, do not be afraid.’

The meadow is prickly with spiky grass, and through it runs a narrow broken path.

There are no cattle to be seen in the wide field; they have gone to their village stalls.

It grows dark and dim on the land and sky, and we cannot tell where we are going.

Suddenly you call me and ask me in a whisper, ‘What light is that near the bank?’

Just then there bursts out a fearful yell, and figures come running towards us.

You sit crouched in your palanquin and repeat the names of the gods in prayer.

The bearers, shaking in terror, hide themselves in the thorny bush.

I shout to you, ‘Don’t be afraid, mother, I am here.’

With long sticks in their hands and hair all wild about their heads, they come nearer and nearer.

I shout, 'Have a care! you villains! One step more and you are dead men.'

They give another terrible yell and rush forward.

You clutch my hand and say, 'Dear boy, for heaven's sake, keep away from them.'

I say, 'Mother, just you watch me.'

Then I spur my horse for a wild gallop, and my sword and buckler clash against each other.

The fight becomes so fearful, mother, that it would give you a cold shudder could you see it from your palanquin.

Many of them fly, and a great number are cut to pieces.

I know you are thinking, sitting all by yourself, that your boy must be dead by this time.

But I come to you all stained with blood, and say, 'Mother, the fight is over now.'

You come out and kiss me, pressing me to your heart, and you say to yourself,

'I don't know what I should do if I hadn't my boy to escort me.'

A thousand useless things happen day after day, and why couldn't such a thing come true by chance?

It would be like a story in a book.

My brother would say, 'Is it possible? I always thought he was so delicate!'

Our village people would all say in amazement, 'Was it not lucky that the boy was with his mother?'

—RABINDRANATH TAGORE

2. *ABOU BEN ADHEM*

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw—within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom—
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

3. *LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF*¹

O HUSH thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy bed.

¹ Learn by heart.

O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT

4. *THE GYPSY GIRL*

‘**C**OME, try your skill, kind gentlemen,
A penny for three tries !’
Some threw and lost, some threw and won
A ten-a-penny prize.

She was a tawny gypsy girl,
A girl of twenty years,
I liked her for the lumps of gold
That jingled from her ears ;

I liked the flaring yellow scarf
Bound loose about her throat,
I liked her showy purple gown
And flashy velvet coat.

A man came up, too loose of tongue,
And said no good to her ;
She did not blush as Saxons do,
Or turn upon the cur ;

She fawned and whined ‘Sweet gentleman,
A penny for three tries !’
But oh, the den of wild things in
The darkness of her eyes !

—RALPH HODGSON

5. DAFFODILS¹

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay, ~~X~~
In such a jocund company!

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

6. MAHMOUD

THERE came a man, making his hasty moan
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out—'My sorrow is my right, ✓
And I *will* see the Sultan, and tonight.'

¹ Learn by heart.

'Sorrow,' said Mahmoud, 'is a reverend thing :
I recognize its right, as king with king ;—
Speak on.' 'A fiend has got into my house,'
Exclaimed the staring man, 'and tortures us :
One of thine officers ;—he comes, the abhorred,
And takes possession of my house, my board,
My bed :—I have two daughters and a wife,
And the wild villain comes, and makes me mad with life.'

'Is he there now?' said Mahmoud :—'No ; he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft ;
And laughed me down the street because I vowed
I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
I'm mad with want, I'm mad with misery,
And, oh thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee !'

The Sultan comforted the man and said,
'Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread,'
(For he was poor) 'and other comforts. Go ;
And, should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know.'

In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And shaken voice, the suitor reappeared,
And said, 'He's come.'—Mahmoud said not a word,
But rose, and took four slaves, each with a sword,
And went with the vexed man. They reach the place,
And hear a voice, and see a female face,
That to the window fluttered in affright.
'Go in,' said Mahmoud, 'and put out the light :
But tell the females first to leave the room ;
And when the drunkard follows them, we come.'

The man went in. There was a cry, and hark !
A table falls, the window is struck dark ;
Forth rush the breathless women, and behind
With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.

In vain : the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life

' Now *light* the light,' the Sultan cried aloud.
'Twas done ; he took it in his hand, and bowed
Over the corpse, and looked upon the face ;
Then turned and knelt beside it in the place,
And said a prayer, and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the spectators wait,
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat ;
And when he had refreshed his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amazed, all mildness now, and tears,
Fell at the Sultan's feet, with many prayers,
And begged him to vouchsafe to tell his slave,
The reason first of that command he gave
About the light : then, when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down ; and lastly, how it was,
That fare so poor as his detained him in the place.

The Sultan said, with much humanity,
' Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not get it from my head, that one
By whom such daring villainies were done ;
Must be some lord of mine, perhaps a lawless son.
Whoe'er he was, I knew my task, but feared
A father's heart, in case the worst appeared.
For this I had the light put out. But when
I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,
I knelt and thanked the sovereign arbiter,
Whose work I had performed through pain and fear ;
And then I rose and was refreshed with food,
The first time since thou cam'st and marr'dst my solitude.

—JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

7. *TINKER'S FIRES*¹

DOWN in the lane the tinker's fire
Glow like a poppy, red and wild.
The tinker, with his wife and child,
Sleeps there beside its wavering spire.

The tinker's house is wide and high;
His roof is gemmed by moon and stars;
Green boughs are his tall window bars;
His bed is curtained by the sky.

The wild wind harps strange melodies;
But, tonight's magic deaf and blind,
Heedless of moon or keening wind,
He sleeps, beneath the pitying trees.

—THORA STOWELL

8. *THE SOLDIER'S DREAM*

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

¹ Learn by heart.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

'Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn !'
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL

9. *THE EAGLE*¹

HE clasps the crag with crookéd hands ;
 Close to the sun in lonely lands.
 Ring'd with azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—LORD TENNYSON

10. *TO A BUTTERFLY*

STAY near me—do not take thy flight !
 A little longer stay in sight !
 Much converse do I find in thee,
 Historian of my infancy !

¹ Learn by heart.

Float near me ; do not yet depart !
Dead times revive in thee :
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art !
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family !

Oh ! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when, in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly !
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey ; with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush ;
But she, God love her ! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

11. TEWKESBURY ROAD¹

IT is good to be out on the road, and going one knows
not where,
Going through meadow and village, one knows not whi-
ther nor why ;
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool
rush of the air,
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of
the sky ;
And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern
at the brink
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the fox-gloves
purple and white ;
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer troop down to the pools
to drink
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of
the night.

¹Learn by heart.

O, to feel the warmth of the rain, and the homely sm
of the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of word
And the blessed green comely meadows seem all a-ripp
with mirth
At the lilt of the shifting feet and dear wild cry of t
birds.

—JOHN MASEFIELD

12. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.'

'Now who be ye would cross Lockgyle
This dark and stormy water?'

'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

'And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

'His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?'

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief! I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

'And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief
'Across this stormy water:

And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! oh my daughter !

'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,—
And he was left lamenting.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL

13. *INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP*

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day :
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.
Just as perhaps he mused, ' My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,'—
Out 'twixt the battery-smoke there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.
Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!' The Chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
'You're wounded!' 'Nay,' his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
'I'm killed, Sire!' And his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

—ROBERT BROWNING

14. *THE SOLITARY REAPER*¹

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:

¹Learn by heart.

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago :
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of today?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;—
 I listened, motionless and still ;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

15. *THE LOTUS*¹.

LOVE came to Flora asking for a flower
 That would of flowers be undisputed queen.
 The lily and the rose, long, long, had been
 Rivals for that high honour. Bards of power
 Had sung their claims. 'The rose can never tower
 Like the pale lily with her Juno mein.—
 'But is the lily lovelier?' Thus between
 Flower-factions rang the strife in Psyche's bower.

¹ Learn by heart.

'Give me a flower delicious as the rose
And stately as the lily in her pride,'—
'But of what colour?'—'Rose-red,' Love first chose,
Then prayed,—'No, lily-white,—or, both provide',
And Flora gave the lotus, 'rose-red' dyed,
And 'lily-white',—the queenliest flower that blows.

—TORU DUTT

16. *O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!*

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought
is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red!

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will;

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with [object
won ;

Exult, O shores ! and ring, O bells !
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—WALT WHITMAN

17. *DREAM PEDLARY*

IF there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell ;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down,
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy?
A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

—THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

18. *THE TIGER*

TIGER! tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?
And what shoulder, and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?
What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?
When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?
Tiger! tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

—WILLIAM BLAKE

19. *SUMMER*

WINTER is cold-hearted,
Spring is yea and nay,
Autumn is a weather-cock
Blown every way:

Summer days for me
When every leaf is on the tree ;
When Robin's not a beggar,
 And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,
 Over the wheatfields wide,
 And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
Swings from side to side,
And blue-black beetles transact business
 And gnats fly in a host,
And furry caterpillars hasten
 That no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive,
And ladybirds arrive.
Before green apples blush,
 Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
 Is worth a month in town ;
 Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone elsewhere.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

20. *THE LAST BUCCANEER*

OH, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich
 and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I ;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again,
As the pleasant Isle of Aves, beside the Spanish Main.
There were forty craft in Aves that were both swift and
 stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round
 about ;

And a thousand men in Aves made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.
Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of
plate and gold,

Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old ;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as
stone,

Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them to
the bone.

Oh, the palms grew high in Aves, and fruits that shone
like gold,

And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold ;
And the negro maids to Aves from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Aves to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to
the roar

Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched
the shore..

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be ;
So the King's ships sailed on Aves, and quite put down were
we.

All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms
at night,

And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.
Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she died ;
But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die.
And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where ;
One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse off there ;
If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Aves, to look at it once again.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY

ADDITIONAL POEMS

21. *MEG MERRILIES*

OLD MEG she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors :
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.
Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants, pods o' broom ;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.
Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees ;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.
No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the moon.
But every morn of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing.
And with her fingers, old and brown,
She plaited mats o' rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.
Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon :
An old red blanket cloak she wore ;
A chip hat had she on.

God rest her aged bones somewhere ;
She died full long ago !

—JOHN KEATS

22. TO BLOSSOMS

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be,
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid goodnight ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

—ROBERT HERRICK

23. THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,

The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

—THOMAS MOORE

24. THE FOUNTAIN

INTO the sunshine,
 Full of the light,
 Leaping and flashing
 From morn to night !
 Into the moonlight,
 Whiter than snow,
 Waving so flower-like
 When the winds blow !

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

25. IN THE TRAIN

AS we rush, as we rush in the train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear ;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet !
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the Earth slips from our feet !

—JAMES THOMPSON

NOTES AND EXERCISES

[The Exercises are divided into five groups: A=General Study; B=Detailed Study; C=Grammar and Word-building; D=Composition; E=Passages for Memorizing.]

PROSE

1. LOUISA MANNERS

P. 1. *post-chaise* (shayz), a carriage drawn by two horses, very common in eighteenth-century England. The chaise carried the post in those days.

P. 2. *Syllabub* or *sillabub*, a curds-like dish made out of milk.

- A. 1. What things attracted Louisa as she looked out of the carriage? Why was she particularly delighted to see them?
2. How did Louisa spend her birthday? What were the curiosities shown to her?
3. Which actions suggest that she was a child?
4. What sights, scenes and actions show us that it was May?
- B. 1. Find out the names of all the fruits, vegetables and flowers grown in the garden.
2. Try to understand what a farmyard, a garden, an orchard, an arbour and a meadow mean. Use the right words in the following sentences:—
- (i) Many blossoms have appeared in the.....
 - (ii) Many flowers too grew in the.....
 - (iii) Louisa saw peas and beans in the.....
 - (iv) They sat under the shady.....
 - (v) They played on the green
3. Give the word for the little one of the (i) hen, (ii) sheep, (iii) 'horse, (iv) dog, (v) cat, (vi) lion, (vii) bird.
4. Explain: (i) 'a hen is not esteemed a wise bird' (which bird is wise?). (ii) 'Then she said I was myself the sweetest little May-blossom in the orchard.'
- C. 1. What kind of clauses are those in italics? In what way are they related to the first part of the sentence?
- (i) I ran about talking of *where I was going*.
 - (ii) There was a pond *where the ducks were swimming*.
 - (iii) There was no end to the charming sights *till we came to grandmamma's house*.
 - (iv) Louisa went to the farm-house *so that she might have a happy time*.

- (v) She said I might pick up as many of them *as ever pleased*.
2. 'I was seven last birthday which was on the first of May. We can put 'and that' for 'which,' in this sentence. Find out or write three more instances of this.
 3. From the word 'fright' we get a verb, 'frighten'. Write five similar verbs ending in -en.
- D. 1. Write short descriptions of (i) a farm-house, (ii) a garden, (iii) a field with crops standing in it *actually seen* by you.
2. Tell briefly how you spent one of the birthdays you remember best.
 3. Write a letter as from sister Sarah inviting Louisa to spend her fourth birthday in the country. (Let Sarah explain to Louisa how she is planning to give her a good time.)
- E. Here is a funny description worth memorizing: 'Nothing could have . . . in the orchard.'

2. THE LISTENER

- P. 4. *Kensington*, a part of London.
- P. 4. *Convey the sack*, carry news of dismissal.
- P. 5. *Pro Bono Publico*, 'for the public good'—a pen name.
- A. 1. What sort of person was the Listener? Where do you think the letter box was situated? What time (of the day) was it when he stood listening?
2. Letters are sometimes classified as: (i) Friendly or Personal Letters; (ii) Formal Letters; (iii) Business Letters; (iv) Official Letters; (v) Public Letters. Arrange the letters in this essay under some such groups.
 3. What do you learn about the beginning and ending of love-letters?
- B. 1. Explain:—
- (i) 'I've been seven times already.'
 - (ii) 'Tomorrow will be Heaven again.'
 - (iii) 'If you can't walk home.'
2. Find out the meanings of the following words from the dictionary:—wistful, clue, iniquities, ineptitude, sentimental. Put them in the right places in the following sentences:—
 - (i) Women are by nature.
 - (ii) You cannot solve crossword puzzles without some
 - (iii) People could no longer bear the of the tyrant.

- (iv) The child cast a look at the parcel containing the presents.
 (v) You ought to understand the of recommending old ways of travel.
3. Write words similar in meaning to: delicate, tumble, metallic, swagger, gruff, funny.

C. 1. Rewrite as directed :—

- (i) Once upon a time there was a man with such delicate ears that he could hear even letters speak. (As a simple sentence.)
 (ii) I'm a letter to an editor putting everything right and showing up all the iniquities and ineptitudes of the Government. (As a complex sentence with two subordinate clauses.)
 (iii) 'Here,' said the authoritative tones of a policeman, 'I think you've been leaning against this pillar-box long enough. If you can't walk I'll help you home.' (Indirect narration.)

2. Complete the following table supplying the corresponding nouns, adjectives and adverbs where needed :—

<i>Noun</i>	<i>Adjective</i>	<i>Adverb</i>
	sensible	
	authoritative	
nature		
iniquity		
	conscious	
	delicate	

- D. 1. With the help of the hints in the essay, write out in full a *formal letter* accepting an invitation to dinner.
 2. Compose a letter 'conveying the sack'. (Make it as gentle as possible)
 3. 'Pro Bono Publico' :—Find out from newspapers other ways of signing letters to Editors.

3. HOW HERWARD WON TORFRIDA

Adapted from *Hereward the Wake*

- A. 1. What led Hereward to win the mare? Why was Torfrida afraid? Why was Torfrida accused before the Court of Love?
 2. What punishment did Torfrida receive from the Countess?
 3. How did Torfrida face the danger? How did the unexpected happen to the joy of all?

B. 1. Explain :—

- (i) Torfrida stood like a stone, being frightened out of her wits.
 - (ii) But it was not impossible, hardly improbable, days when the caprice of the strong created accidents, and when cruelty and wrong went for nothing even with very kindly honest folk.
 - (iii) But Hereward it was ; and regardless of all beholders, she lay upon his neck, and never stirred nor spoke.
- 2.
- (i) Make a list of all the words used in place of ' said '.
 - (ii) Write the opposites of :—drunk, scorn, strange, beautiful, wild.
 - (iii) (a) Collect all the ' gay ' words you can find in this passage.
 - (b) Collect all the sad and fearful words in this passage.
3. Write a sentence or two describing :—a lady at court ; a royal feast ; courts of love ; the beggar man.
4. Pick out the short sentences in this lesson. Can you say why they are made so ?

C. 1. Write in the direct form of narration :—

For some knight began to tell of a wonderful mare, called Swallow from her swiftness, that was to be found in one of the islands of the river Scheldt in Holland, and was famous for her speed in all the country round ; and said moreover, that Hereward might as well have brought that mare home with him from the war as a trophy.

To which Hereward answered, in his boasting style, that he would bring home that mare, or anything else that he had a mind to.

2. Transform by putting a single word in place of the word italicized :—

- (i) No man has *lived after* receiving the blow.
- (ii) A man *under the influence of wine* forgets himself.
- (iii) Torfrida was so proud *that she did not* let the company know her heart.
- (iv) You drove into the cold *him to whom you gave your love*.
- (v) I have done *all you asked of me*. (Begin like this : I have granted)

D. 1. Hereward sends the armour back to Torfrida with a letter. Imagine what he would say, and write his letter.

2. Suppose Torfrida wrote a letter to Hereward expressing her regret ; show how it would read.

3. Describe a picnic you have had.

E. Here is a fine passage : ' Married to a beggar ? but alive.'

4. A LONDON CAB-HORSE from *Black Beauty*

- A. 1. What picture do we get of Jerry and his family?
2. How did Jerry take care of Black Beauty?
3. What kind of work was Black Beauty expected to do? And how did he fare?
4. What do we learn of Black Beauty's companion?
- B. 1. Make sentences using these words and phrases:
a good match, every inch of, a great treat, trying, gulp down, keep up to.
2. Explain:—
(a) (Harry) had stated his opinion that I should turn out a regular brick.
(b) A firmer, neater stepper I never rode.
(c) There was no bearing rein—no curb—nothing but a plain ring snaffle.
(d) His whip was more frequently stuck up by his side than in his hand.
- C. 1. Analyse into clauses:—
(i) The next morning, when I was well groomed, Polly and Dolly came into the yard to see me, and make friends.
(ii) We worked so hard in the week, that I do not think we could have kept up to it, but for that day.
(iii) He soon found out that I was willing to work, and do my best.
2. Insert *a*, *an* or *the* where necessary:—
(i) They called . . . horse 'Jack' after . . . old one
(ii) Captain belonged to . . . officer in . . . cavalry and used to lead . . . regiment.
(iii) If . . . horse is allowed to drink water when he wants it he drinks only . . . little at . . . time, and it does him . . . great deal more good than swallowing down half . . . bucket at . . . time.
- D. 1. Look at the descriptions of the cabman, his wife, his children and of Captain. These are all done in one or two sentences. The author has a good stock of adjectives and that is why he succeeds. Try to describe a friend, a beggar you often meet, and the school peon, in a similar way, in one or two sentences. (First collect suitable adjectives.)
2. Write an autobiography of a dog. (Read Irene Macleod's 'The Lone Dog', if possible.)
3. A pupil who has come for the first time from a village to a town to attend school describes his first experiences in a letter to his father. Write his letter. (Think only of the most important persons and things he would very probably write about.)

- E. Here is something said by a cab-horse which should be followed even by men: 'Some people say that a horse our stomach.'

5. GANDHIJI IN ENGLAND from *My Early Life*

- A. 1. What made Gandhiji give up staying in a hotel?
 2. What were the first few facts regarding English ways and manners which Gandhiji learnt?
 3. How did Gandhiji try to become an English gentleman? What thoughts induced him later to change his mind?
 4. Describe how Gandhiji simplified his way of life. What advantages did he derive thereby?
- B. 1. Fill in the blanks :—
 (i) Dr Mehta on Gandhiji the hotel.
 (ii) He into the details of European
 (iii) Gandhiji his head in approval. Dr Mehta his head in disapproval.
 (iv) We consideration of the matter a later date.
 (v) Soon Gandhiji got himself to talking the English language.
2. Use these expressions in your own sentences :—Day in and day out; reap the benefit of; go in for; *lingua franca*; make up for; to become friends with.
3. Explain :—
 (i) He was all kindness and attention.
 (ii) Mr Bell rang the bell of alarm in my ear.
 (iii) The punctiliousness in dress persisted for years.
- C. 1. Analyse :—
 (i) There was a Sindhi fellow-passenger who had become friends with Sjt. Mazumdar, and as he was not a stranger to London, he offered to find rooms for us.
 (ii) But I decided that I should put him at ease, that I should assure him that I would be clumsy no more but try to become polished and make up for my vegetarianism by cultivating other accomplishments which fitted one for polite society.
2. Combine the following into one sentence using either *no so much as* or *so that*.
 (i) You need to live with an English family. You will gain experience of English life and customs.
 (ii) It was not on account of any great knowledge of God. It was because of the faith that was a work.
 (iii) I learned French. It was not in order to become a polished gentleman. It was more for enabling

me to travel on the Continent. I took rooms on my own account. I could reduce my expenses by half.

- (iv) Write the opposites of:—by no means; anywhere; possible; suitable; compromising; respect; conduct.

- D. 1. Imagine what Gandhiji might have written to his elocution teacher. Write his letter.
2. Write Gandhiji's letter to his mother explaining how he had been struggling to keep his vow of not touching meat.
3. Write one paragraph on 'Simple and Truthful Living'.

6. A COLT FOR A GROSS OF SPECTACLES

- A. 1. What made the family decide upon selling the colt?
2. Why was Moses selected for making the bargain?
3. Explain how Moses was deceived at the fair.
4. Sketch briefly the character of the Vicar's wife.
- B. 1. Explain :—
(i) I knew you would touch them off.
(ii) A fig for the silver rims.
(iii) However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.
(iv) He now said that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper.
(v) I will warrant we will never see him sell his hen on a rainy day.
2. The words 'couple' and 'gross' occur in this story. Write some more words of this type, e.g., for (i) a number of pencils, (ii) a number of birds, (iii) a number of flowers, (iv) a number of soldiers, (v) a number of boys.
3. Complete these sentences :—
(i) You wish a person who is going on a mission
(ii) You a person his success.
(iii) You wish a person on his birthday 'Many of the day.'
(iv) You offer to a person who has lost a relative.
4. What do these words and phrases mean?—Between ourselves; protest; dead bargain; split your sides with laughter.
- C. 1. Write the last two paragraphs in the direct form of narration.
2. Rewrite as directed :—
(i) I have seldom followed his advice. (Negative)
(ii) He has always made a good bargain. (Negative)
- D. 1. Write an account of a visit to a fair.
2. Pick out words concerning shopping from this lesson and write a paragraph on 'Shopping'.

7. BOYHOOD OF THOMAS BEWICK

From the *Memoir*

[Thomas Bewick was a famous engraver of wood-cuts. He lived to the age of 75 and died in 1828. *Loft*, upper room immediately near the roof for storage purposes.]

- A. 1. Why was Bewick punished? How far was Bewick to blame?
2. In what ways did Bewick try to bear punishments?
3. Write briefly what you learn of the character of (a) Bewick (b) his father, (c) his mother.
- B. 1. Rewrite the following sentences using other words for those in *italics* :—
- I began to *stand* a flogging without being much *pained* by it.
 - He *posted off* to see if the door was fast.
 - He had *forgotten* himself *over a glass*.
 - I could not *get off* my Latin *tasks*.
2. Pick out words describing the different modes of punishment.
3. Complete these sentences by putting in the right adjectives :—
- The bee has a time all the day.
 - When Bewick was sent to school he had a time of it.
 - Louisa had a time in the farm-house.
4. Finish these sentences :—
- A place where a bell is hung is called a
 - A place where hay is stored is called a
 - A place where cows are tied is called a
 - A place where horses are tied is called a
 - A place where grain is stored is called a
 - A place where sheep are put together is called a
5. Find out the meanings of :—precipitate, misdemeanour. Try to use them in sentences of your own.
- C. 1. Rewrite as directed :—
- It would not have been safe for me to go to bed for fear of a visit from my father. (Use 'lest'.)
 - The first time I felt compassion for a dumb animal was upon my having caught a hare in my arms. (Use 'since'.)
 - I was more entertained at seeing the faces of the clown. (A complex sentence.)
 - He could not long be in such society without being insulted. (Affirmative.)

2. Write five adjectives ending in—some: e.g., trouble-
some.

3. Combine into one sentence:—

(i) Bewick fled to the loft. The door was open. He went up to the loft. He rested on the hay. He had a sound sleep there.

(ii) Our master was in the parsonage garden. He saw me. He got angry. I perceived it by his agitated motions and uplifted arms.

(iii) I did not go to school for the remainder of the day. I crossed the river. I rested on the bank till evening. The school closed then.

D. 1. Write a short character sketch of a naughty boy.

2. Describe in two sentences (i) a clown; (ii) a beggar.

3. Describe any of the tricks that boys have played in your school.

E. You ought to memorize this paragraph: 'I have noticed before
..... on my account.'

8. GERARD'S ESCAPE FROM PRISON

From The Cloister and the Hearth

A. 1. Write short character sketches of Kate, Giles and Martin.

2. How did the belief that the prison was haunted by ghosts create unnecessary misunderstanding and fear in Kate and Giles on the one hand and Martin and his party on the other?

3. What circumstances helped Gerard to escape?

B. 1. Explain:—

(i) This last was the likeliest one I ever saw.

(ii) Many dangers awaited him, but the greatest was the first—getting on to the rope outside.

(iii) In war never wait to be struck.

(iv) It was quite fair to rob an enemy.

(v) 'Let me feel flesh and blood,' he gasped; 'the haunted tower!'

2. Find from the dictionary the meanings of:—
retreat, retaliation, flicker, venture, comprehend.

Use them in the following sentences:—

(i) Gerard could not immediately why the missile was shot in.

(ii) There by the of the dim light sat an old woman sewing.

(iii) You can win your enemy by love but not by.....

(iv) If you do not you will never make any progress.

(v) Away from the crowded town he dwelt in a forest
:.....

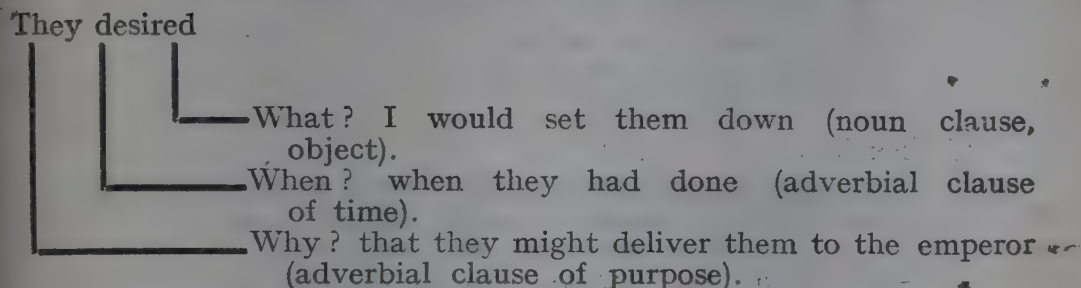
- C. 1. Rewrite paragraphs 4 and 5 in the indirect form of narration.
 2. Put paragraph 3 into the direct form of narration.
 3. Use proper prefixes to express the opposites of:—
 fortune, tie, mount, fasten, appear, judge.
- D. 1. Write a paragraph on 'Walking home on a dark night'.
 2. Pick out words like 'crouched' suggesting different ways
 of bending the body.
 3. Describe the escape of any person in history.
- E. Read carefully the paragraph beginning: 'Meanwhile Gerard's
 heart were words written' (p. 28).
 Why are short sentences used there? What title would you
 give to the paragraph? Try to learn it by heart.

9. THE INVENTORY

Adapted from *Gulliver's Travels*

- P. 34. *victuals* (pron. *vittlz*), provisions.
 P. 36. *Imprimis*, in the first place.
- A. 1. Why did the emperor hesitate to give Gulliver shelter
 at the beginning?
 2. Mention how the emperor looked after Gulliver later.
 3. What things were found as a result of the inventory? Why
 did they appear strange to the searchers?
 4. Which of these things were taken away from Gulliver and
 why?
- B. 1. Write short definitions of:—the inventory, a watch, a fork,
 a razor, a knife.
 2. Express the following in *short*, simple sentences:—
 (i) During that time the emperor frequently honoured
 me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my
 masters in teaching me.
 (ii) Probably I might carry about me several weapons,
 which must needs be dangerous things, but they
 answered the bulk of so prodigious a person.
 (iii) His majesty, who is a most large-hearted prince, was
 less afraid than I could expect.
 (iv) These being of no use to the emperor, I did not think
 myself bound in honour to disclose them, and
 was afraid that they might be lost or spoiled,
 I ventured them out of my possession.
3. Give the opposites of:—starve, part, different, seldom,
 several.

- C. 1. Rewrite giving the emperor's actual words:—
 He replied, 'that by the laws of the kingdom
 I would set upon them.'
2. 'And when they had done they desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor.' We can express the relationships of the different parts of this sentence in the form of a diagram like this:



Analyse in a similar way:—

- (i) When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, in gentle terms, to deliver up the different particulars I had.
- (ii) I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark.

- D. 1. Describe any common thing without mentioning its name and read it out to the class. If they can guess it, your description is good.
2. Suppose you have lost something. You want to offer a reward to the person who finds and returns it. Write a short advertisement describing the object and mention what reward you intend giving.
3. If Gulliver had had a fountain pen and a pair of scissors, in what words would the officers have described them?

10. THE TOURNAMENT AT ASHBY from *Ivanhoe*

- A. 1. What were the arrangements made on the field for the tournament?
2. What rules governed the tournament on the first day? In what ways were they different from those for the second day?
3. How was the Queen of Beauty chosen? What were her duties?
4. Describe briefly how the 'Disinherited Knight' put down his opponents.
5. What do you learn of the relations between the Normans and the Saxons in those days?

- B. 1. Write short notes on:—lists, a knight, a squire, a page, a herald, a marshal, a coat of arms, a helmet.
2. Mention the weapons, conveyances and other things with which a warrior was equipped in those days.
3. Complete the following sentences:—
- He looked as pale as
 - The knight had the agility of
 - He was as still as a
 - The knight was as firm as a
 - It was as clear as
4. Explain:—
- Such an event was a bright spot in their dark lives.
 - 'Sports' seems a strange word to use for a pastime in which men lost life and limb.
 - Then take your last look at the sun, and get to your place.
 - With a mighty crash men and horses met in full career.
- C. 1. Rewrite in the indirect form of narration:—
- 'Good Heaven!' answered the Prior
'....., and a triumph for the lady whom he selects.'
2. Combine into one sentence each of the following groups of sentences:—
- The knight knelt forward. He wanted to receive the prize. Lady Rowena saw him. She was surprised. She cried.
 - They had a hard fight. The Disinherited Knight succeeded at last. The Saxons were greatly delighted. Many blows were exchanged in the encounter.
 - Prince John was to declare the champion of the day. He had the honour of choosing the Queen of Beauty. She was to be selected from among the beautiful women. Many beautiful women had come to witness the tournament.
3. The collective noun for noblemen is nobility and for gentlemen?
for soldiers?
for peasants?
for ministers?
for members of the royal family
- D. 1. Describe any exciting football match you have seen.
2. Give directions to some one who does not know how your favourite game is played.
3. Write a short essay on 'Our School Sports'.

11. THE GREEDY SHEPHERD

- A. 1. Describe the kind of life that the brothers lived in their retreat.
2. Though brothers, they were different. Mention their actions and show in what ways they were different.
3. What is the moral of the story?
4. Give a short account of the 'ancient shepherd' and say in what respects he was different from Clutch.
- B. 1. Look at the names Kind and Clutch. They suggest the nature of each of the brothers. How?
2. Explain :—
- (i) Kind would have shared his last morsel with a hungry dog.
 - (ii) They were not sorry to see pride having a fall.
3. Write sentences showing that you know the meanings of :—
disposition, agreeable, stray, vexation, marvellous, covet, scour, bear one company.
- C. 1. Fill in the blanks by choosing the right word :—
- (i) Many a debate (were, was) caused by Clutch's eagerness to clip close.
 - (ii) A chain of hills (was, were) on one side of the plain.
 - (iii) None of the lambs (were, was) ever found again.
 - (iv) I am not one of those who (are, is) ready to be despised for poverty.
 - (v) The whole flock of the ancient shepherd (were, was) shorn.
2. Rewrite as directed :—
- (i) They must be shorn, or you go back to the plains.
(Use *unless*.)
 - (ii) Go beyond the hills and you will come across a great shepherd. (Use *if*.)
 - (iii) If their sheep had not gone they would certainly have stayed on there. (Remove *if*.)
- D. 1. Tell the life-story of 'Wool'.
2. Poets and writers speak highly of life in a village.
Write two or three paragraphs setting forth their reasons.
See if you can bring in some quotations.
3. Write an account (in two paragraphs) of the miseries of an Indian villager.
- E. If you want to describe the simple lives led by village folk you ought to know this paragraph by heart : 'On that plain'(pp. 51). What title would you give this paragraph?

12. SOCIAL LIFE ON THE ISLAND

Adapted from *Robinson Crusoe*

[*Friday*, the name given by Crusoe to his servant because he met him for the first time on Friday.]

- A. 1. Who were Crusoe's subjects and how did he treat them?
 2. How did Friday's father set at rest Crusoe's fears about the savages?
 3. What were Crusoe's doubts regarding the Spaniards and Portuguese on the mainland? What solutions had the Spaniard to give them? Why was the plan to bring them over postponed?
 4. Who were the three new men thrown on the island? Why were they thrown there? How did they behave?
 5. Describe Crusoe's meeting with them.
- B. 1. Fill in the blanks with words and phrases chosen from this list:—enter into conversation, absolute, receive, resolve, put off:
 (i) Nobody can have ownership over sun and air.
 (ii) The proposal to reduce the land tax was wellby the peasants.
 (iii) After a good deal of discussion it was to stop the drinking of wine in some districts.
 (iv) You should not till tomorrow what you can do today.
 (v) At last Crusoe with the Spaniard.
2. What do you call a place
 (i) which is surrounded by water?
 (ii) over which a king rules?
 (iii) in which farmers dwell?
 (iv) in which sheep are enclosed at night?
 (v) in which cows are kept?
3. Explain clearly the meaning of the following :—
 (i) It was impossible for them to conceive that a man could dart fire, and speak thunder, and kill at a distance without lifting up his hand.
 (ii) Gratitude is no inborn virtue in the nature of man
 (iii) Want might be a temptation to them to disagree or not to think themselves delivered, otherwise than out of one difficulty into another.
 (iv) He must be sent directly from heaven, for our condition is past the help of man.
- C. 1. Complete the following table by supplying the corresponding nouns, verbs and adjectives where needed :—

<i>Noun</i>	<i>Verb</i>	<i>Adjective</i>
murder	consider	necessary
satisfaction	talk	

2. Use the following words as nouns and verbs in sentences of your own :—design, attempt, talk, return.

3. Rewrite as directed :—

(i) They had a power too great for us to resist. (Use : so ... that ... not.)

(ii) It was no less than eight days I had waited for them, when a strange and unforeseen event took place. (In the affirmative.)

(iii) I went out as soon as I could get my clothes on. (In the negative.)

(iv) I had scarce set my foot on the hill when my eye plainly discovered a ship. (Use : 'as soon as'.)

D. 1. Imagine what Crusoe must have looked like. What must have been his appearance (his hair, clothes, etc.) after so many years on that island? Describe him in one paragraph.

2. Suppose you have come across a stranger in distress. Write a short account of how you would comfort him and help him.

13. MY FIRST RIDE from *Lavengro*

- A. 1. Why was young Borrow not inclined to ride the cob?
 2. How did the groom remove his fears?
 3. Describe the Irish cob and his ways.
 4. In what way was Borrow disposed towards horses? How did he acquire such an attitude?
 5. Briefly set forth Borrow's experience of his first ride. (Don't forget to mention the beginner's mistakes made by Borrow.)

B. 1. Rewrite the following substituting other words for those italicized :—

(i) I wish to *get upon* him.

(ii) The horse is man's *coadjutor*.

(iii) The groom wanted Borrow to *give* the horse a *breathing*.

(iv) His love was *blended* with respect.

2. The horse is 'as gentle as a lamb.' Write some more similes connected with animals, such as :

as as a fox; as as a lion; as
 as a deer; as as a donkey; as
 as a bird.

3. Write the opposites of :—forget, be on, frank, rough (rider), immense.
- C.
1. What are the adjectival forms of :—horse, dog, metropolis, boy, youth, man.
 2. What part of speech are the words italicized ?
 - (i) He will *clear* a six-foot wall.
 - (ii) Borrow had to *right* his position.
 - (iii) That's it, now *aboard* with you.
 - (iv) He is the best *riding* in all Ireland.
 3. Punctuate and capitalize :—oh that ride that first ride most truly it was an epoch in my existence and i still look on it with feelings of longing and regret people may talk of first love it is a very agreeable event i dare say but give me the flush and triumph and glorious sweat of a first ride like mine on the mighty cob my whole frame was shaken it is true and during one long week i could hardly move foot or hand but what of that
- D.
1. Look at the paragraph beginning 'Oh that cob'. Notice the order in which the description is given. First the general look of it, then the details and then an emphatic statement at the end. On similar lines write a description of any person you have actually seen.
 2. Write an essay on 'My first Ride on a Bicycle.'
 3. Write a paragraph on 'Our Dumb Friends'.
- E.
- Notice how the cob is described in the paragraph beginning 'The cob was led forth' (p. 66). First Borrow gives the general appearance, then the details. In what order are the details mentioned? Mark how the last sentence is effective. You will be able to write descriptions of other animals if you know this passage well.

14. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

from *Some Famous Statesmen*

- A.
1. Lincoln had to struggle through a number of difficulties before he became a leader. What were those difficulties and how did he overcome them?
 2. Describe how the United States of America was governed in Lincoln's time.
 3. What led to the Civil War? Describe Lincoln's part in it.
 4. What was Lincoln's special service to America?
 5. What plans of Lincoln's were left unfinished on account of his death?

6. Sketch briefly the character of Lincoln.

- B. 1. Fill in the blanks in the sentences below with suitable words chosen from :—settle down, play a part, abolish, pioneers, enforce, stand up against, to bring to a head. (The form of the verb may be changed.)

- (i) No one greater in the building up of America than Lincoln.
- (ii) The matter when the son openly opposed his father.
- (iii) The practice of *sati* had to be by law.
- (iv) If you early in life your parents will feel relieved.
- (v) It requires a brave soul to such trials.
- (vi) It is the misfortune of in any field to be misunderstood.
- (vii) The law remained only in the statute book without being

2. What words are similar in meaning to :—independence, contend, elect, develop, concern, urge, achieve ?

3. Explain :—

- (i) A house divided against itself cannot stand.
- (ii) John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.
- (iii) They were fighting a losing battle.

C. 1. Insert suitable prepositions or adverbs :—

- (i) The trouble arose the election of the president.
- (ii) The government must open new schools to meet the changed conditions.
- (iii) It is not easy to get hold a daily newspaper in a village.
- (iv) The slaves were brought to America from Africa.
- (v) Gerard broke from prison.

2. Analyse showing the relationship of the parts in the following sentences. For example : 'Lincoln's reward was that in 1864 he was elected President of the United States.'

Lincoln's reward was (main sentence)

What ?

(noun clause complement) (that) he was elected President of the United States.

When ?

(Adverbial phrase of time) in 1864

- (i) We need only say that the war dragged on owing to the fine leaders that the South found.

- (ii) You will remember that at the time of the War of Independence, after which the United States set up their own Government, there were only thirteen colonies.
- (iii) Living as he did in a log cabin, he knew what it was to go cold and hungry and how hard men, and even boys, had to work to gain the merest necessities of life.
3. (i) Write nouns formed from :—abolish, bitter, execute, conquer, refuse, permanent.
- (ii) Write five words from this lesson which are the same in form both as verb and as noun—e.g., defeat.
- D. 1. Write out an election speech which you imagine Lincoln might have made against the continuance of slavery in America.
2. Write a speech that could possibly have been made at a Memorial meeting on Lincoln's services to America.
- E. Here is one of the finest letters written by Lincoln. Copy it out in your best handwriting and learn it by heart :

Dear Madam

I have been shown in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from your grief for a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours sincerely and respectfully

Abraham Lincoln

15. TAMASKHI

from Golden Deeds of India

- A. 1. What difficulties prevented Tamaskhi from continuing her college studies? How were the difficulties finally overcome?
2. What type of life did Tamaskhi's mother-in-law expect her to lead? How far could she do so?
3. What do we learn of Tamaskhi as a student?
- B. 1. Look at the opening paragraph. Is that the first incident of the story? If not why is it put first?
2. Rewrite these sentences in simpler words:—

- (i) The wedding had swallowed up all the savings of the bride's parents.
 - (ii) She passed from a state of passionate rebellion to one of mute despair and so the days went by.
 - (iii) Her husband's parents were unlikely to strain their small means to keep her there.
3. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own :—
to be used to, come hard, do one's best, to be cut off, to put the case of.

- C. 1. Complete the following table by supplying the corresponding nouns, adjectives and adverbs where needed :—

<i>Noun</i>	<i>Adjective</i>	<i>Adverb</i>
hero		
pity	safe	
gloom		suddenly
hurry		

2. Use appropriate prepositions to fill in the blanks :—
- (i) He was a student the University.
 - (ii) She showed a keen interest reading
 - (iii) Tamaskhi once again entered her student life.
 - (iv) You must try to keep what you have learnt after leaving school.
 - (v) The teacher was struck Tamaskhi's intelligence.
3. Join the following sentences together by using 'so that' or 'too' or 'since' :—
- (i) Tamaskhi's parents-in-law were very poor. They could not spare any money for her education.
 - (ii) Tamaskhi had led a secluded life. She was married.
 - (iii) He put the case very well. They agreed to let her go to Madras.
 - (iv) The shock was very great. She could not bear it.
 - (v) The old objections gathered force. She left for Madras.

- D. 1. Write a short essay on 'Women's Education'.

2. (i) Think out a way in which to end the story and compare your work with the story called ' Knight Errants of Coorg ' in *Golden Deeds of India** from which this extract is taken.
- (ii) Write a paragraph on 'How I learnt to Swim'.

VERSE

1. THE HERO

[Dr Tagore is a delightful children's poet. This poem is taken from *The Crescent Moon* which you are sure to enjoy reading.]

- A.
1. Describe the dangerous situation in which the mother and the son are imagined to have found themselves that evening.
 2. How does the mother behave at the approach of the robbers? Why is her behaviour different from that of the boy?
 3. Narrate how the boy succeeded in putting down the robbers.
 4. How is the daring act appreciated by the mother and the villagers?
- B.
1. Notice these details:—The mother is made to ride in a *palanquin*, the boy rides on a *red horse* with *sword* and *buckler*, the *desolate* land. What type of story do you call this?
 2. 'Trotting':—what kind of pace is this? Write down its opposite.
 3. Explain : 'sit crouched', 'lies wan and grey'.
- C.
1. Make up another story of adventure of this type. Be sure of the details you want to put in before you begin to write.
 2. Suppose one of the palanquin bearers should tell the story to the boy's brother. Write down what he would say.

2. ABOU BEN ADHEM

[An incident in the life of Prince Ibrahim (here described as Abou) son of (ben) Adham of Balkh. He gave up the throne of Balkh for the religious life of a 'dervish'. He led a devout life with other dervishes in a settlement. They worked as labourers and at evening came back to their settlement. There they dined together and they had all things in *common*. He strove hard to serve his fellow-men and make them happy. This Ibrahim, one night, saw an angel in his room.

May his tribe increase, the usual form of expressing a pious wish.

Cheerly, in modern English we would say 'cheerfully'.]

- A.
1. To what end were Abou's services directed all his life?
 2. What picture do you get of the angel? What other words are used for the angel?
 3. What truth does the story suggest?
- B.
1. What was the cause of the 'exceeding peace'?
 2. Abou spoke more *low*, but *cheerly* still. Why?

- C. 1. Write in short the story of Abou Ben Adhem bringing out clearly his service and his fearless and peaceful attitude.
 2. Service of our fellow-men is considered by some to be the service of God. How far does the story support this belief?

3. LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

[It is common for a crying child to be lulled to sleep by a song. The song, on account of its rhythm and its promises of safety, soothes the child. Here is one such song, called a lullaby (pronounced to rhyme with 'eye').]

- A. 1. Who is singing the song?
 2. What do we know of the parents of the child?
 3. Describe the house of the infant. What was the nature of the country?
 4. What hopes of security are held out before the child?
- B. 1. 'From the towers which we see.'—When did they go there, usually?
 2. Line 7. When would such a thing happen?
 3. Explain clearly line 12.
 4. Notice the long *ō*, *ā*, vowel sounds (as in baby, lady, repose, broken). What effect do they have?
- C. 1. Do you know of an orphan child born of brave parents? Try to address a few lines to him telling him of his heroic parents and what is expected of him.
 2. Suppose one of the servants were asked how and why he would defend the child, what would he say? Write down his speech.

4. THE GYPSY GIRL

- A. 1. What picture do we get of the gypsy girl?
 2. What was she doing? Where do you think she was?
 3. In what way was she different from other people?
- B. 1. 'Kind gentlemen':—did she mean it? Why did she say so?
 2. What is the effect of repetition in l. 3?
 3. 'Lumps': what might these be?
 4. It is said that the picture of the girl is effective because it has *colour, movement, sound and light*. Pick out words suggesting each of these.
 5. When do women 'blush'?
 6. 'She fawned and whined.' Explain.
 7. What might be the 'wild things' in her eyes?

- C. 1. Describe any stall you have seen at a fair.
 2. Describe any beggar who has attracted your attention.
 (Remember you should try to put *colour*, *movement*, *sound* and *light* into your description.)

5. DAFFODILS

- A. 1. When did the poet see the daffodils?
 2. Where were they and how many? In what order?
 3. Why was the poet moved by the sight?
 4. When does the sight recur to the poet and what is its effect upon him?
 5. Which words introduce (i) colour; (ii) warmth; (iii) movement in the picture?
- B. 1. In what different ways is 'joy' suggested?
 2. What words does the poet use to emphasize the number of the daffodils?
 3. The poet repeats the word 'dance' in each stanza. Why? What things are said to have danced and why?
 4. Bring out fully the comparison between the stars and daffodils.
 5. Notice the stops in lines 5 and 17. What do they suggest?
 6. Explain the meanings suggested by:—outdid, wealth, bliss.
- C. 1. Write a paragraph on 'Half an hour in a Garden.'
 2. Write a letter to a friend describing a happy event in your life.

6. MAHMOUD

[*bereft*, deprived of; *suitor*, one who makes a suit or request; *female*, girl, woman; not often used in modern English; *affright*, fear; *to vouchsafe*, to grant.]

- A. 1. What do you learn from the poem of the character of Mahmoud and of the suitor?
 2. What conditions obtained during his time?
 3. Describe how Mahmoud relieved the man of his troubles.
 4. What questions puzzled the man and how did Mahmoud explain them?
- B. 1. 'My sorrow is my right tonight.' How does the poet secure emphasis?
 2. Sorrow is a reverend thing.—Why?
 3. Who is the fiend and why is he so called?
 4. What was strange in the man's behaviour?

5. 'They reach the place.' Why is this narrated in the present tense? Find other lines of this type.
 6. Explain: my board (find out another word in the poem similar in meaning), to lay him in his shroud, fluttered in affright, bloody life, reverent silence. (What figures of speech are the last two?)
 7. The man went in Notice the pauses. What do they suggest? Forth rush Why are adverbs placed first?
- C. 1. Report the incident for a newspaper. Choose two or three headlines.
2. Suppose the suitor had put in a written request to the Sultan; how would it have read?

7. TINKER'S FIRES

[In India we occasionally come across blacksmiths and other artisans who wander from village to village to find work. They pitch their little tents on the outskirts of a town or village where they run their workshops. The English tinker is some such person who mends kettles and other pots and pans.]

- A. 1. Put down all the words that describe the tinker's fire and say what picture of the fire you get from them.
2. Describe the tinker's house. In what ways is it different from an ordinary house?
3. What must have been the sort of life that the tinker led there?
- B. 1. Have you seen a poppy? Why is the fire said to glow like a poppy?
2. What makes the fire (i) wild, (ii) wavering?
3. Have you seen a roof or a ceiling painted? How is it painted? What is painted there?
4. Wherein lies the magic of the night? Why does the tinker sleep taking no notice of moon or wind?
5. 'Pitying trees.'—Why?
- C. 1. Suppose a boy, who has come across this tinker and watched him carefully at work describes to his mother at home what he has seen. How would he do it?
2. Sketch in one paragraph the character of the tinker.

8. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

[The two parties agreed not to fight at night. This mutual agreement not to fight for a while is called a *truce*. *Methought*, it seemed to me (old-fashioned).]

- A. 1. What picture did the battlefield present at night?

2. From the description of the dream what kind of life do you think the soldier must have spent before he entered the army?
 3. How was the soldier received at home? What were the feelings of his family?
- B.
1. Bring out fully the common points between:—night and cloud; sentinel and stars.
 2. What is the difference between 'reposing' and 'resting'? Why is the former the right word here?
 3. Why was it necessary to scare away the wolves? By what means do farmers scare away birds?
 4. What does 'thrice' (l. 8) suggest?
 5. In what ways do you think the 'desolate track' might have been different from the battlefield?
 6. Line 13, 'flew':—why not 'went'? 'pleasant fields': what made them pleasant?
 7. 'Fondly' here means 'foolishly'. What made the soldier foolish?
 8. What figure of speech is a 'a thousand times o'er'?
 9. 'War-broken soldier': in what ways was he broken in body and mind.
- C.
1. What do you learn about the horrors of war from the poem? There is also a bright side. What are some of the blessings of war?
 2. Supposing yourself to be the soldier, write a letter to a friend (a farmer) telling him of life on the battlefield and your longing to get back home.
 3. Collect all the gay words and sounds included in the description of the merry scene in ll. 13-18.

9. THE EAGLE

[*falls*, to catch his pray.]

1. Let us picture to ourselves the background. (i) How high was the crag? (Put down the words that give it.) (ii) What colour was the crag? (iii) In what colours would you have to paint the 'lonely lands'? (iv) 'Clasp' tells us something about the crag; what is it? Now write down in two or three sentences the picture you have been thus able to build up.
2. There is only one adjective describing the eagle. What is it? We have to get an idea of the eagle from what it does. Pick out the words that describe its actions. What do they tell us about the eagle?
3. Which lines tell us about the sea? From where would the sea appear to us as wrinkled?

4. The eagle is described as a man. Which words tell you that? What does the word 'walls' suggest? The rank of this man must be similar to the rank of the eagle among birds. What do you think is the rank of the eagle? There is some mention of an eagle in 'Incident of the French Camp'. What is it? Now try, if you can, to describe the eagle-like man.

10. TO A BUTTERFLY

[*Converse*, communication, the butterfly communicates to (tells) the poet a good deal. This is a literary use of the word. We do not use the word in this sense in ordinary speech and writing.]

- A. 1. What picture do we get of Wordsworth as a child? In what way was he different from his sister? How far is he changed now?
2. What are the charms of a butterfly. Why are children particularly attracted by it?
- B. 1. Explain l. 4. In what other words is this idea suggested?
2. Explain:—'A very hunter.'
3. 'God love her!' What do these words suggest?
4. Look at the exclamation marks: What do they suggest?
- C. 1. Write a paragraph on 'The joys of childhood'.
2. Suppose you could be what you choose, would you like to be a child all your life? Give your reasons in a paragraph.

11. TEWKESBURY ROAD

- A. 1. What time of the year was it when the poet went out for a walk? Which words and lines suggest this?
2. What were the places which he saw and how did he feel when he saw them?
3. How did the different things mentioned in the poem show their mirth?
4. Which words introduce colour, light, warmth, and movement in the description?
5. The poet very frequently uses anapaestic feet (It is good/to be out) and short vowels. Say how this quick movement and dancing rhythm suits this poem.
- B. 1. Why is it good to be going without knowing where?
2. What makes the brook 'chatter'?
3. Why is the deer said to be 'shy-eyed'?
4. Explain ll. 9-10.
5. What are the 'ripples of mirth' in the meadow?
6. Why do the birds cry wildly?

- C. 1. Describe an evening walk (i) among the fields ; (ii) by the river-side.
2. Try to draw, if you can, a sketch of (i) the road taken by the poet or (ii) the brook where deer came trooping down to drink.

12. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

[*Ulva* is an islet on the outer side of Mull off the west coast of Scotland, from which it is separated on the south by an arm of the sea about two miles wide.]

- A. 1. What made the couple flee ?
2. Describe how they braved the sea.
3. What were the feelings of the father when he saw his child ? Account for this change in his attitude.
- B. 1. Look at the way the story is told. The poet mentions only important details and tells them quickly. Why ?
2. Explain ll. 11-12, 19-20, 36-7.
3. 'The boat has left ' Why the present tense ?
- C. 1. Relate fully the circumstances that led Lord Ullin's daughter to flee from her father's roof.
2. (i) Pick out words that help to describe a stormy sea.
(ii) Pick out words that help to describe a journey through a mountainous tract.

13. INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

[The reference here is to an incident in the French Camp when the French stormed Ratisbon. The Austrians had retired here after their defeat in the battle of Eggmuhl (1809). The French under Marshal Lannes defeated the Austrians again and entered the city triumphantly after a struggle of five days.
anon, (poetic) ; *Sire*, a respectful form of address not common in modern prose ; 'flag-bird', the eagle on Napoleon's flag ; *van*, wing of a large bird—used only in poetry.]

- A. 1. Briefly describe the valiant part played by the brave lad.
2. What picture do you get of Napoleon from the poem ?
- B. 1. Who, do you think, is narrating the incident ?
2. 'Prone brow' = prominent forehead.—What does such a forehead suggest ?
3. What thoughts oppressed Napoleon's mind ?
4. Put down the words that suggest the quick flight of the boy. What made him fly so fast ?
5. In l. 19 the subject is placed last. Why ? Why does the poet use the word 'boy' particularly ?

6. Notice how the boy tells the news. He does not give the details. Why not?
7. Explain lines 33-6.
8. Why was the boy's pride touched to the quick on hearing 'You're wounded'?
1. Let us suppose that a report of this incident appears in a newspaper. What do you think should be the headlines?
2. Write the report in a paragraph.
3. Suppose Napoleon made a speech on the part played by the boy. What would he say?

14. THE SOLITARY REAPER

poem is one of a series entitled *Memorials of a Tour of Scotland in 1803*. While on tour Wordsworth read Williamson's *Tour in Scotland*. The poem was suggested by the following passage:—
 'Passed a female who was reaping alone; she sang as she bended over her sickle, the sweetest human voice I ever heard: her strains were tenderly melancholy and felt delicious, long after they were heard no more.' Wordsworth mused long over the last phrase and with the recollections that he had of the Highland scenes an appropriate picture floated up before his mind's eye. This experience is expressed in the poem.
Hebrides, Islands N.-W. of Scotland. *Yon*, yonder, near. *Lass*, so common as the masculine *lad*.]

1. Briefly describe the Highland lass.
2. What idea do you get of the nature of the country where the reaper worked?
3. What was the song like? What effect did the music have on the poet?
1. 'Stop here, or gently pass!' For whom is this meant and why?
2. 'Alone'—what does this tell you of the lass?
3. Bring out fully the comparisons between (i) the lass and the birds; (ii) the highland region, the Arabian sands and the Hebrides; (iii) people who hear the birds and the girl. The poet compares the song to the notes of two birds, one suggesting the melancholy strain and the other her overflowing heart. Say which is which.
4. The girl was not far away but the poet could not understand her—perhaps because she sang in Gaelic. The music charmed him; the sense evaded him. Which particular line describes this state of the poet?
5. Which words and comparisons are used by the poet to emphasize the silence in the air? How far does this atmosphere help the song to have the proper effect?

- C. 1. Describe a harvest scene. (Have you heard farmer sing? When do they sing?)
 2. Describe a village girl. (Don't forget to speak of her simplicity, her naturalness.)

15. THE LOTUS

[*Flora*, queen of flowers. *Juno*, wife of Jupiter, here it is the woman having a queenly or stately appearance (like *Psyche*, (siki).]

- A. 1. What story does Toru Dutt tell to explain the need for the creation of the lotus?
 2. Which flowers claimed the high honour of being the queen of flowers? Why?
 3. How does the lotus combine the best of each?
- B. 1. 'Undisputed queen'—who would dispute the claim of the rose?
 2. Why are *bards of power* selected to put forth the claim?
 3. What are the different meanings suggested by 'Juno'?
 4. How can strife ring? Why is the word specially used?
 5. 'Delicious'—in taste?
 6. 'Queenliest'; if the word 'stateliest' was used, what would be lost?
- C. 1. Suppose you were asked to speak for three minutes in support of the claims of any flower for queenship. Prepare your speech.
 2. 'Flowers! What good are they?'
 In what way would you answer such a question?

16. O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

[In this poem Walt Whitman describes Abraham Lincoln as the captain who brings the ship (of state) safe through the storm (war).]

- A. 1. Show how the comparison is appropriate.
 2. What were the feelings of the Americans when Lincoln brought the country safely through the civil war to victory? How did they express them?
 3. Why was the death of Lincoln particularly shocking?
- B. 1. Sketch briefly the picture of the crowded shore.
 Explain:—'fearful trip'; 'the prize we sought is the vessel grim and daring'; 'anchored safe'; 'the deck'; 'my captain lies'.